Southern State Normal School Library
Springfield, S. Dak.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 109, NO. 15 NEW YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1943 NUMBER 1506

General Marshall and the British

An apparently authentic dispatch from London to The New York Times, signed by James B. Reston, reveals unofficially that General Marshall is to command the United Nations forces invading Europe from Britain as a base. To us it would seem absurd to believe either that he is less well fitted for this post of enormous responsibility than for that of Chief of Staff in Washington, or that the change would be in any way a demotion. It seems wholly natural that the man who has shown such skill in building and training an army should be the one to lead it into battle, and it is hardly credible that he should feel slighted by the chance to command, in one of the most momentous campaigns of all history, not only these troops but those of Great Britain, Canada and all the rest who will take part.

Just as important as the news in the dispatch is the comment on the British attitude. It appears that Mr. Churchill favored General Marshall for this job, and that as a matter of fact no other name was considered, because of the high regard entertained for our commander by all concerned. This is certainly a magnanimous and single-minded approach, in view of the fact that Britain is to be the base, that millions of British soldiers will be involved and that the British possess several outstanding generals. It must be highly unpleasant therefore for the British to learn that they are accused by certain American editors of harboring a plot to get General Marshall out of Washington.

Does Bombing Germany Pay?

Reports from London deny the recent rumors that the Allies have decided to abandon the strategic bombing of Germany, and we hope the latest reports prove to be correct. We don't know whether it would have been possible to invade Europe across the Channel long ago or whether strategically this would have been the wisest thing to do. It seems clear, however, that great damage has been done to Germany by 'round-the-clock bombing, the United States Air Forces striking by day and the RAF by night, even though these operations have not yet reached their maximum, because of the shortage of equipment. Large numbers of men are undoubtedly being held in Germany and occupied Western Europe to man anti-aircraft guns and keep fighter aircraft in operation. Estimates of the reduction in German military output already achieved range as high as 25 percent. It seems clear that this bombing has substantially relieved the pressure on the Russian front and has helped us in the fighting in the Mediterranean. Having gone so far with it, it would certainly be a pity not to continue at least through this autumn, when the bombing should be on a far greater scale than anything thus far witnessed. Although important army officials of the air forces, stationed in London, seem to fear that the grand strategy has been changed, apparently this is due to only two things: first, all available aircraft were mustered to help cover the invasion of Italy and, second, some bombers are being moved from England to Italy, where they can cover targets out of reach from the British Isles. Such a change, however, does not even suggest that the strategy of bombing Germany as a prelude to invasion has been dropped.

Doing Business with Badoglio

The political pattern the Allies intend to follow in Italy is now clear—in fact, painfully so. They propose to deal with Badoglio and the King, though without making any promises that this pair will remain perma-

CONTENTS

The Week 471
Editorial
What Russia Wants 474
General Articles
The Menace of the Cartels . . Robert Reuben 476
Chandler of Kentucky . . . . Potomacus 479
Report from Minnesota . . . Feike Feikema 480
Books by the Millions . . . Malcolm Cowley 482
Through the Window . Cpl. J. Anthony Lagona 485
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 486
Russian Victory . . . . . Manny Farber 487
When Our Oil Gives Out . . . . B. B. 487
The Bandwagon 489
Correspondence 490
Books in Review
Little Tom . . . . Harold J. Ruttenberg 492
Poets to the South . . . Bertram D. Wolfe 493
Serbia's Femme Fatale . . . Bogdan Raditsa 494
No Thanks . . . . . Weldon Kees 495
A Reader's List 496

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1943, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nently in office. At the same time, they will try to force Badoglio—and they have powerful pressures they can use against him—to liberalize his government by soliciting the aid and support of well known liberals and republicans. The decisions, we are told, have been predominantly those of the military men in the field, though there is no reason to suppose they are displeasing to London and Washington. The argument is that everything else must be subordinated to driving the Germans out of Italy, as part of the job of winning the war. Badoglio's government is already regarded as a co-belligerent and will probably declare war on Germany. Badoglio, it is argued, has already done much to help the Allies, part of which is still secret, and will soon do more, all of which is still secret.

Probably no one will ever be able to say whether the results would have been better or worse if a different political course had been followed from the beginning. Some dispatches from Italy suggest that Badoglio may have already double-crossed the Allies on certain matters, as for instance when he brought Mussolini back to the mainland where he could readily be kidnaped by the Germans. The best available evidence suggests that a majority of the Italian population is at this moment anti-monarchical, and certainly the King and Badoglio are two sorry figures whom no amount of propaganda by the Allies can build up into reputability. Even Count Sforza, the least intransigent of the refugee Italian liberals, has refused thus far to enter the Badoglio government, although he will return to Italy to coöperate with the British and Americans there. The other refugees, so far as is known, won't have anything to do with Badoglio or the King and are in a mood of bitter despair and disillusionment regarding the whole business. We shall learn in a few weeks whether the Allies have done the best they could in a difficult situation or have blundered because they have failed to realize the power of the liberal, democratic currents now sweeping through the peoples of Europe.

What Is the Senate Waiting For?

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs gives every indication of taking its time in dealing with the Fulbright resolution, passed overwhelmingly by the House of Representatives. Why? The Fulbright resolution is, to be sure, somewhat vague and general as to detail, but this is not the time for Congress to go into detail as to the means of safeguarding peace through international organization. What is needed is a prompt expression of intention to assume that responsibility, in order both to check the isolationists in the United States and to reassure other peoples. Controversy over specific means can cause only delay and might result in defeat of the whole project.

Do the Senate leaders suspect that such a resolution might not pass? That is hardly conceivable, in view of the tradition of the Democrats and the resolution on foreign policy passed by the Republican conference on the subject. If it is so, however, the people ought to be informed quickly who the opponents are, since there is no doubt where the majority of the voters stand.

Does the Senate feel that its dignity is affected, since it, and not the House, is supposed to be the watchdog of foreign policy because of its treaty-making power? If so, it can quickly frame and pass an equally good resolution with slightly different wording. The most absurd reason we have heard is that attributed to Senator Connally—that it would be dangerous to go on record in this matter just before the tri-power conference with Britain and Russia. If anything could ruin that conference, it would be the doubts arising in Great Britain and the USSR concerning the future willingness of the United States to help protect the peace.

Cox Quits

The forces of decency in public life won a notable victory when they compelled Rep. Eugene Cox of Georgia to quit as chairman of the committee investigating the Federal Communications Commission. There was never any reason to investigate the FCC. The whole thing was a smoke screen laid down by Representative Cox because he had been caught by the FCC in a highly embarrassing position. The FCC charged that he had accepted $2,500 from a radio station in Georgia to represent it before the commission, thus violating the federal law which forbids any member of Congress to practise before a department of the government. All the evidence in this case has been laid before the Department of Justice, which, for reasons we do not understand, has thus far refused to prosecute. Mr. Cox decided to brazen it out and demanded that the House of Representatives should "investigate" the FCC, which had unearthed the facts about himself. The House, in one of the most disgraceful actions of recent decades, created such an investigating committee and made Cox its head. Our readers are by now quite familiar with the history of the "investigation" —which would be more accurately described as the inquisition.

Let no one suppose that Mr. Cox resigned because he himself had realized the injustice and indecency of his acts. As our Washington correspondent remarks, he resigned because he was forced out, under the greatest pressure, by Speaker Rayburn. He remains exactly what he was, a poll-tax congressman elected by a minute minority of the voters of his district and a dangerous enemy of democratic principles as they are understood and practised by most Americans.

Now that this miserable farce has ended, so far as Cox is concerned, we hope the whole investigation will be dropped. In spite of the hysterical efforts of its coun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sel, a Wall Street lawyer named Eugene L. Garey, the investigation has unearthed absolutely nothing to the discredit of the FCC. It has cost the taxpayers a lot of money and has put an ineradicable stain on the record of Congress. It is high time the sorry business was ended.

Political Warfare in the Far East

Of what is going on inside the territory conquered by Japan, we know very little, though a few stories have leaked out. The white population is treated with great severity but not, in most instances, with actual cruelty. The natives are working long hours for small pay, but that is no novelty in the Far East. The humiliating social distinctions formerly maintained by the British, Dutch and other colonial powers, under which natives were not admitted to the best clubs, and were otherwise denigrated, have apparently been abolished. A good many of the native population, especially in the middle classes in the cities, found these social barriers galling in the extreme, and are inclined for this reason alone to prefer Japanese to white imperialism. The Japanese have also been shrewd in promising immediate political independence to the Philippines, Burma and perhaps other regions. Under such independence, these countries are about as free as is Denmark under Hitler, but it makes an excellent talking point. It would be of substantial value to the Allies if they would follow suit. If the British do not believe immediate independence for Burma is possible, there is no reason why they should not set a date in the future at which, after the Japanese have been thrown out, that country will be liberated. The United States has already promised that the Philippines shall be free beginning in 1946. It would be a good propaganda stroke, to say the least, if we would give immediate recognition to the free government in exile, headed by Quezon.

It is obvious that the white man's day is ending in the Orient. Every country in that whole region intends to throw us out as soon as it is strong enough, and some of them, such as China, are getting stronger with great rapidity. Since we have to go, we might as well go gracefully and thereby retrieve as much as we can, in the intangibles if not otherwise, from the retreat.

Mr. Sumners and Our Moral Decay

Rep. Hatton W. Sumners of Texas, in a recent article in The Reader's Digest, charged that the moral fiber of America is being rotted away because states and cities are coming to rely too much on the federal government in Washington. As Mr. Sumners puts it, "the self-reliance of the individual, town and state is being destroyed as they are being relieved of the necessity of governing themselves." Mr. Sumners believes that this change is unnecessary, and blames it on "bureaucracy," which he identifies, without making his reasoning very clear, with Hitlerism.

The relation between local and federal government is certainly a serious matter and undoubtedly evils have arisen in connection with it. But all life is a choice among evils, and people with any common sense will look at the alternative before they fly off the handle. In many cases, federal aid was given to local communities when these were bankrupt and large numbers of their unemployed were faced, quite literally, with starvation.

Certainly the debate on federalization is not helped by wild and hysterical charges like those of Mr. Sumners. We strongly doubt whether he himself intends them to be taken seriously. We should like to know for instance which towns in Texas are having "their self-reliance destroyed." Is this true of Dallas, where Mr. Sumners lives? Or of Fort Worth? Or Austin? Or El Paso? If we know Texas, Mr. Sumners had better be careful next time he goes home among his neighbors whose self-reliance he says is being destroyed. And for that matter, we should like to see a list of the bills appropriating federal money for Texas, and a record of how Mr. Sumners voted on each. If he voted for those bills, he was helping the process of moral decay which he deplores. If he voted against them, Texas will certainly want to know about it.

Mr. Browder as Oracle

Mr. Earl Browder, the leader of the American Communists, said the other day that Russia will not give the Allies bases in Siberia from which to attack Japan. In the short view, Mr. Browder is right, though by accident. In the long view he is probably wrong, for the same reason. Time and time again, Mr. Browder has proved that he has no inside wire of any kind to Moscow. He didn't know in advance of the signing of the German-Russian pact on August 22, 1939. He

Justus in The Sioux City Journal.

"Again, Adolf!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

didn't know of the abolition of the Comintern. He doesn't know anything about Russia, in fact, until he reads it in The New York Times.

It is pretty plain, however, that Russia will not at present permit Siberian bases to be used against Japan. She has her hands full fighting Germany in the west, without taking on another adversary at the eastern end of her vast empire. (Contrary to a view often aired in the press, Japan is likewise busier than she wants to be, and won't fight Russia at present if she can possibly avoid it.) When the European part of the war is over, however, the story will be different. Russia knows that Japan is one of the most dangerous of her potential enemies. She knows that to help the Allies to defeat the island kingdom would be the cheapest insurance she could get for her eastern frontier for many years to come, always with the exception of a genuine world-wide League of Nations to keep the peace. As we point out elsewhere in this issue, Russia's future course is a matter to be negotiated between herself and the Allies—and the sooner such negotiations begin, the better.

What Russia Wants

AMERICANS like good swapping and bargaining, the matching of wits and the confronting of claims. That is why an appeal to their realism in international politics is likely to be more successful than an equally fervent appeal to their idealism. When they think of the peace table they think not of Bagehot's "age of discussion" but of a poker game. And it is in those terms that their eyes are turning to the coming three-power conference of foreign ministers.

There will undoubtedly be some plain speaking at this conference. Why should there not be? When three great nations have faced a common enemy in diverse ways for ten years, and have fought him for more than two years in a coalition war on widely scattered fronts, unsettled and haunting questions are bound to arise. When you add the fact that one of these nations differs radically from the other two in its property institutions and its whole world outlook, the wonder is that the splits have not been sharper and more disastrous than they have.

You don't need to be learned in the mysteries of diplomacy to know what questions will be asked, and what issues Eden, Molotov and the American representative (whoever he may be) will have to wrestle with. America and Britain have achieved a sort of united front, and they will press a common conception. They will want to know what the Russians intend to do about Poland and Finland, about the Balkan states and the Baltic states which will soon lie within the sweep of the victorious Russian armies. They will want to know, given the impending second front, what *quid pro quo* the Russians intend to give them in Europe. They will want to know whether the Russian war will end with the defeat of Germany, or whether the Russians also recognize Japan as an enemy in fact (whatever she may be in name) and will give us their Siberian bases for the crucial attack on Japan. They will want to know why the Russians have set up, even though unofficially, a Free German National Committee which includes Communists and Prussian nationalist army officers, and which has hinted that Germany will not be destroyed if the Hitlerite government is overthrown.

And the Russians, on their side, will not be tongue-tied. Why, they will ask, have not the Anglo-American armies yet opened a second front which would really cause the Germans to split their forces, instead of diverting just a handful of divisions into Italy? Exactly when and where do they propose to open such a front? Will they make political settlements alone, leaving Russia out of account, as they occupy the Continent? And what sort of political settlements do they propose to make? Will they continue to ignore the underground movements and the popular desire for new property institutions, and thus be actively counter-revolutionary as they have been in North Africa and Italy? Will we insist on a voice in the reconstruction of Eastern Europe, if we exclude the Russians from the councils of Western European reconstruction? Will we try to retain German capitalists in control of the vast German industrial machine, and thus make peace with non-Hitler German fascists as we have already made peace with non-Mussolini Italian fascists?

Obviously the questions on both sides will be tough ones, and a single conference will not settle them. Obviously also there will have to be give and take, compromise and concession on both sides. The editors of The New Republic believe that the issues are soluble. But they are not soluble unless each side make a sincere effort to understand the basic inner drives of the other.

America and Britain will get nowhere with Russia if they do not understand that Russian foreign policy for a quarter-century has been based on the fear that Soviet national construction would be interrupted or destroyed by capitalist attack. That was why the Russians built a war economy, that was why they built a huge army, that was why they extended their boundaries by aggression against their small neighbors, and strengthened their military frontiers. The prime drive in their foreign policy is still military security. They want strong frontiers, and friendly states on these frontiers. They want maritime ports, both for trade security and to keep their fleet from being bottled up. They want to make sure that the post-war governments in Western Europe are not hostile governments that will gang up on them at the first chance. They want a speedy defeat of Hitler, and a chance after the war to reconstruct their industry, raise their mass living stan-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dards and go on building their national power internally. But they want a Europe in which they can be sure to live thus without fear.

Yet it must be added that the Russians will get nowhere with the Anglo-American bloc if they do not make an effort to understand our own inner impulses. As capitalist nations, England and America fear world revolution more than anything else. They fear that if a world movement toward economic democracy gets under full swing, their own property institutions may be altered or perhaps even swept away in the process. They admire the amazing Russian military prowess, but at the same time they fear what they admire. They feel a disquiet when they think that a socialist Germany might, along with Eastern Europe, come within the orbit of Russian influence, and the German army and industry be added as a fighting potential to the already vast actual strength of the Russians. They too are driven by a desire for security, as are the Russians. The security they desire is for their property institutions, which even the Atlantic System—primarily one based upon naval strength—could not protect against the winds of revolutionary doctrine from Europe.

We on The New Republic have not sought in this analysis to tone down the starkness of the differences between the two sides, nor to palliate the rigors of the road that lies ahead for both. That road will require all the wisdom and statesmanship of Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, and all the basic liking and sympathy that the common people of the three nations have for each other.

But a solution is as possible as it is imperative. And it is possible largely because it is so imperative. The three powers face not only a common enemy in war, but a common danger after the war—the danger that a Europe riddled by cross-purposes, a Europe of contending alliances and manipulative diplomacy will be a Europe ripe for a third world war. The fight against the common enemy in the present war can, if pursued wisely and coöperatively, strengthen the ties that bind the three peoples together. The grappling with the common problems of the peace can, under the right kind of direction, be a means of accord as easily as an occasion for discord.

And finally, whatever may be true of the chauvinists and the power groups in each country, the essential stakes of the people themselves are the same. All three nations want a chance to develop and sustain the techniques of full production and employment. All three nations must therefore have world peace and a framework of world authority. And all three nations require that the paths of orderly social change be kept open, in Europe as everywhere else in the world. The irony of the whole situation is that Stalin and the Russian regime are as anxious as anyone for a conservative Europe, in the sense of a Europe stable enough to ensure peace and thus a chance for Russia to develop her internal strength. What Europe needs is a middle ground between a reactionary capitalism and an irresponsible communism. If we could by our acts allay Stalin's fears of our intentions, the Russians would undoubtedly be willing to settle for that kind of Europe.

But one must beware of thinking of any of the Big Three powers as monoliths. Each of the nations is riven by dual impulses which are, in their extreme form, incompatible. There is in American opinion a real fear of European revolution, and it is closely linked with a reactionary isolationism. One has only to study the present Senate utterances to see how this link operates. But alongside of it, there is also an awakening of the feeling of international sympathy in America, and a deep drive toward a United Nations mind. The case of the British is even more complex. The British ruling groups are obsessed by the same fears as the American. Given its position, Britain cannot be isolationist. But there is a great danger that the British will go on with their balance-of-power tradition, and will use their alliances with America and Russia not to link those two countries but to divide them—to keep America out of Europe, while using the fact of the proposed Anglo-American alliance as a counterweight to Russian power in Europe. On the other hand there is among the British people, even more than among the American, a sense that the day for a new Europe and a federated world has dawned. As for Russia, she is much like America: torn between her own Russia First isolationist policy, and a genuine desire for a permanent rapprochement with the Americans and the British.

The problem in each country is to stifle the isolationist impulse and strengthen the international. Only thus can an abiding peace be achieved. But the isolationist impulses will not be stifled unless the problems of national interest are faced frankly and placed in the international perspective.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Managing Editor: THOMAS SANCTON

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY, ISAAC ROSENFELD

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, VARIAN FRY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Advertising Manager: E. G. WOOD

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Menace of the Cartels

MOST OF THE POST-WAR PLANS that have been proposed are general statements of principles; some have been sound, but none of them has yet provided the country with an economic insight into the future or the knowledge and determination to prepare a sound post-war economy; none has been generously studied or accepted by Americans.

Unless there is a radical change soon, the people will win the war on the battlefields but will have neither the understanding nor the opportunity to build a people's peace. The peace will be built, not by the people, but by individuals who have dominated it in the past, the only ones who today are scientifically and in detail preparing for reëstablishment of a world economic order. These are the international industrialists who through their cartel agreements in the past have already established a "super-government," an international organization that dominated the livelihood of the common man as much as any political super-government can in the near future.

In their review of cartel practices ("Germany's Master Plan") Joseph Borkin and Charles Welsh explain how cartel agreements actually determined the real foreign policy of the United States, particularly in Latin America:

> Neighborly friendship unsupported by economic ties is a fragile bond. Our government could not form such links because the cartels had made other dispositions. The fact that cartel policies could frustrate the desires of the American government is the clue to their real nature. Cartels are private governments. . . . When, for instance, the United States enters into a treaty with a foreign nation, its acceptance must be ratified with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the Senate, in the light of national policy. When a monopoly enters into a cartel agreement, which equally affects the foundation of our national economy, no voice can be raised to question or approve.

Cartel agreements determined how much of what products would be available for people throughout the world to buy. They told business men what they could produce and what prices they could charge. We know now that, with full coöperation from the American participants, the cartels systematically held down this country's ability to produce in volume all the base necessities for waging war—magnesium, synthetic rubber, optical equipment, etc.—while at the same time, through the skillful connivance of German industrialists and fascists, they bulwarked the German economy into a powerful war machine.

A cartel, simply stated, is a small ring of producers or distributors that acquires control of domestic or foreign markets and uses that control to crush competition and new enterprise, prevent maximum production and establish rigid high prices in a scarcity economy which brings huge profits to the few through exploitation of the consumer. There are many different kinds of cartel, but generally they comprise a group of industrialists who gain monopolistic control of a raw material, such as tin, or of a commercial product, such as synthetic rubber. These industrialists agree among themselves on a theoretical price having little relation to cost, and divide up domestic and foreign markets so that one firm or group has a monopoly in each area. In order to prevent other firms from entering this monopoly the cartels depend upon patent laws which they manipulate skillfully so that their processes, their established technology and their absolute control cannot be menaced by any independent firm which has not subscribed to their quotas.

In addition to monopolizing and dividing markets (where any arbitrary price can be established because there is no competition), the cartels establish quotas on production. With restricted production, scarcity can be maintained and high prices determined with little difficulty. Obviously, competition (the very essence of traditional capitalism) which would encourage competitive prices, high production and technological progress, and new inventions which would enable other firms to enter the fields dominated by cartelists through patents, are incompatible with the cartel system.

In the agreements among industrialists in different countries, bargains are made. Standard Oil, for example, agrees to give Germany's I. G. Farben access to our formula for making butyl rubber. In return for this, IGF allows Standard a monopoly on certain products in certain areas, free to set production quotas and prices. Also, Standard agrees to give IGF the entire chemical field (and any discoveries it makes in this field); in return, IGF generously allows Standard a monopoly in the oil field.

The cartels cover almost every product and material imaginable—the basic metals, tin, aluminum, magnesium, oil, the chemical field, drugs, the vast derivatives of dyestuffs which affect almost every phase of consumer life, plastics, optical goods, electric products, etc. And once the cartel obtains control over a product, it can use its huge financial power to crush or dominate new or affiliated industries. As an economic philosophy, the cartel attitude totally lacks any element of social consideration; as an economic order, it has engendered economic maladjustment, unemployment and war.

Yet, despite this sordid record of failure, there is reason to believe that these great combines will again dominate the world's economy; that through reëstab-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lishment of the cartel system, German industry may emerge from the war an economic victor despite a military defeat; that the common man (who will win the military battles and hopes for a world of abundance and freedom from want) may find that he has been led again into fighting a futile war.

Cartels depend upon patent control and manipulation to discourage competition, but during the war patents have been seized and utilized. Research and invention have been unshackled and restricted production is a thing of the past. The huge firms in this country have, by war, been dissociated from many of their foreign accomplices and have consented to dissolution of their agreements. But despite all this, cartel-minded industrialists in the United States, Great Britain, Germany and elsewhere already are laying their peace plans, to begin again after the war.

What has been described as "the greatest cartel in history," an Anglo-American-Dutch-German organization to dominate natural and synthetic gasoline, is reported to be under formation in the neutral state of Switzerland. News of this combine was reported about the same time that Standard Oil's president, Mr. Gallagher, was assuring Vice President Wallace of his conviction that there should be no international agreements to hold prices above sound competitive levels, that international agreements of a secret nature should be prohibited, that cartels which limit production, fix prices, divide territory and discourage technological development are against public policy and welfare.

In another field, the vast tin cartel, it was disclosed recently that the cartel agreement of 1936-41, dominated by British, Dutch and Bolivian interests, was extended in 1942. This is a curious revelation, inasmuch as the agreement is of little use today when Japan controls the vast tin-producing areas. It obviously is not intended to operate at present, but only to continue the framework of previous restrictive cartels so that they can be reinaugurated following victory over Japan. The same is true of the tea and cocoa agreements.

In this country the electric cartel, in which General Electric, Westinghouse and others participated, is virtually intact and is binding upon its members for continuation when more propitious circumstances permit.

In a recent radio broadcast Judge Thurman Arnold said there are private groups who seek now to control the vast production of a new age of light metals and chemicals: "These are the same men whose policies of high cost and low turnover successfully prevented full production during the depression, destroyed farm markets, created want in the midst of plenty and an irreducible minimum of 9,000,000 unemployed. . . . They first told us that anti-trust enforcement interfered with recovery, then they said it interfered with defense, and now that victory is in sight they tell us that it interferes with the war effort to expose their sub-rosa schemes to dominate production during the war and stabilize it afterwards." Today American monopoly interests are trying to amend our laws so they can join with the British chemical cartel, Arnold stated. And the railroads are making plans to escape from anti-trust laws and dominate competing airplane and truck transportation (capable of giving farmers new markets and consumers low prices).

Chilean representatives, fearful that our expanded nitrate-producing capacity will destroy the pre-war scarcity program of quotas, restricted production and high prices through the nitrate cartel, are now seeking in Washington assurances that this capacity will be reduced after the war to protect the established interests. In other instances, "refugee" firms producing for the American government have made provisions for repaying their mother firms in Germany when the international situation permits, in strict observance of their pre-war agreements. The head of one of these firms has been lobbying busily in Washington for an open recognition of cartel domination of the post-war world. He would establish a worldwide quota system in every field, with conferences of selected business men to determine international policies, quotas and prices for each product and country—a frank revelation of the cartel's idea of a post-war international organization.

General Aniline films had an agreement in the all-inclusive dyestuffs field with I. G. Farbenindustrie, the German chemical trust, according to a Justice Department trust suit, in which it agreed to keep out of Mexico and Latin America, extending a monopoly to IGF in those countries. The suit was never settled and the agreement has never been broken. The Alien Property custodian has seized the German interests, but, significantly, he has not abrogated this cartel agreement and there is reason to believe it will be invoked when and if the property is returned to private ownership following the war.

The quinine cartel was one of the most effective, and most vicious, that existed before the war. It is estimated that there are 800,000,000 sufferers from malaria in the world, more than 4,000,000 in the United States. Yet, in order to keep quinine scarce and prices high, quotas on production were established through cartel agreements. In order to maintain these quotas, Borkin and Welsh estimate that often as much as 50 percent of the urgently needed cinchona bark was destroyed and prices were kept so high that the people who needed quinine most could not afford it. During the war the synthetic, atabrine, has partially replaced quinine. The Dutch empire interests, dependent upon the quinine monopoly for huge profits, are waiting for peace to reassert their agreements and are anxiously seeking a formula whereby manufacturers of atabrine can be included in the program.

The war-expanded industries of Canada, too—capable of greatly increasing the productivity and living standards of the country in the peace to come—may be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reduced to impotence in vital fields by cartel agreements already in existence. The factories of Canadian Industries, Ltd., are jointly owned through a cartel by the British Imperial Chemical Industries (ICI) and the American duPont firm. The Canadian foster-child is specifically prohibited from exporting its products during peace and will be forced to reduce production in the post-war world so that the British-American cartel can reassert its monopoly with its restricted production and abnormally high profits. A similar situation exists in Australia. Numerous other examples of projected cartels for the post-war world could be cited.

Meanwhile, the German cartelists have not been inactive, but have made their plans to dovetail with other cartel arrangements that will be unveiled as a peace program. In the synthetic-rubber field, the German industrialists are obtaining trade-mark rights (a substitute for patents) in neutral Switzerland in the hope that they will be honored in the post-war world.

In occupied Europe the Hitler government has carefully prepared the foundation for an industrial empire that could survive a military defeat. "The post-war planners should view with alarm and perceive with understanding the reconstruction plans of German industry," Borkin and Welsh write. "Hitler will pass in time, more rapidly if the war is lost. But win, lose, or draw, the Junker-cartels are prepared." The German industrialists have carefully and lawfully "purchased" resources, plants and properties following conquest, when purchase was unnecessary. These have been woven into a complicated industrial network. If those in our State Department and elsewhere who seek stability above all else insist upon observing these legalities, they will prevent dissolution of the German industrial power and its cartel philosophy. Industrialists in the occupied countries, dependent by now upon the German-dominated organization into which they have been integrated, will resist any effort at dissolution. Through this control of European industry, and bolstered by war-developed invention, scientific research and still existing cartel agreements, Germany may well salvage a sound economic order from a military defeat if the cartel philosophy dominates the peace.

Cartels owe allegiance to no country, and the agreements between German and Allied firms carry provisos for their temporary suspension during such emergencies as war and for their reassertion when the emergency has ended. The anti-trust division, having read the agreements, knows the cartels have not been broken. "We fight for freedom, and on the day of peace these [cartel] agreements will bind the earth," said Edward H. Levi, chief of the economic-warfare section of the Justice Department. These agreements are still considered binding by many American firms. In addition, some concerns will be willing—judging from past experience—to make vital concessions in new agreements in order to obtain access to Germany's wartime discoveries or to prevent their added efficiency from being used against American firms in world markets.

There are many steps which can be taken to fight the post-war cartel planners. We must begin, first, with plans to utilize fully our productive capacity—full employment, new standards for consumers, new markets for industry. We must make our patent system an incentive to invention and industrial efficiency and not a tool to promote monopoly and freeze inefficient industrial procedures. Corporations must be made to register their foreign agreements before they can trade in foreign markets. Violators must be sought out and punished by vigorous anti-trust action.

Europe must be reorganized to promote free enterprise, and the reorganization must begin with the continental invasion. A special commission, or the military authorities, should unravel Germany's industrial pattern in Europe, seize German research (making it available to all or any firms on a license basis) and untangle ownership relations that would encourage cartels.

These are tangible steps that can and must be taken in order to promote a common man's peace. But even these are not enough. Our industrial philosophy—the international cartel philosophy—must be abandoned.

In his recent speeches, Wallace has taken up battle with the cartels on the issue of the post-war world; he has sounded the clarion call for the common man: "Economic democracy must be combined with political democracy or political democracy will die. . . . There must be power to deal with those international cartels which are strangling production, competing unfairly or using methods which lead to war. . . ."

There are post-war planners with a definite idea of what *they* want for the peace. And it is not a world of abundance, promoted by free enterprise and full production and consumption.

The question is not whether there will be an international organization after the war. The question is whose "super-government" will it be? If the United Nations fail to establish a post-war world organization, firmly founded economically, the cartels will assume again the responsibility for ruling the economic livelihood of the world population. It is not only a question of opening great new areas *equally* to all countries, replacing imperialism, but also of opening them on an economic system of free and competitive trade. Colonial areas may become accessible to all countries but if the process is dominated by cartels it will result inevitably in stifled production and consumption in these areas, in monopoly and market divisions.

Ostensibly the system will have changed. But the so-called backward people will continue to be exploited, our vast new productive machine will not bring a new world of abundance and prosperity, and the common man who fought the war will not partake of its victory.

ROBERT REUBEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chandler of Kentucky

SENATOR A. B. ("HAPPY") CHANDLER'S recent backflip into the isolationist mischief-maker's camp was no surprise to Louisville newspapermen or other close observers in Kentucky. For ever since Happy first entered politics they have distrusted him as a quack opportunist with no discoverable loyalties except to his axis partner, Keen Johnson, now Governor. And since his accession to the Senate they have wondered how long he would find it expedient to stand by the administration, how long before he would seek to become a national figure via the front pages.

It might be useful at this time to review some highlights of Chandler's political career, the usual compound of audacity, guile and luck—only more so. After finishing college, where he starred at football, Happy served as coach for Center College's famous praying colonels, but soon decided that his voice, football physique and subtlety could better serve his state in politics. Impressed by the Farley card-index technique and the Roosevelt smile as vote-getters, he adopted and adapted both to his own strategy. His boyish laughter rippling over the airways as he moved to the microphone became a sort of Chandler radio signature. Hearing that laugh, Kentuckians from the Big Sandy to the Pennyrile knew that all was well with the world.

Chandler's initial move was to form an alliance with another politically eager Kentucky youth, Keen Johnson, a country editor. The combination proved effective and the allies prospered. Later Happy enlarged the axis by marrying an attractive, energetic and ambitious school teacher who is credited in Kentucky with raising his sights above the Senate.

The power thus generated lifted Happy to the Governor's mansion with axis partner Johnson as Lieutenant-Governor. But Kentucky Governors may not succeed themselves, and in October, 1939, as his four-year term drew toward its end, Happy was plagued by nightmares over the prospect of returning to private life when, as often happens to men of destiny, he was saved by the intervention of Providence: Exactly thirty days before the November 3 election Kentucky's Senior Senator, M. M. Logan, died.

With characteristic decision, Happy proposed to his Lieutenant-Governor that he (Happy) would resign, thus making Johnson Governor, and Johnson would appoint Chandler to Logan's unexpired term in the Senate. Johnson who had the Democratic nomination for Governor and regarded his election as in the bag, demurred, but Happy had been selling the people of Kentucky snake oil for fifteen years and he persuaded his stablemate that the deal would not endanger his chances. Besides, even if Johnson should lose the election, it would be easy, with Happy in the Senate, to assure him a juicy lame-duck federal appointment.

Events justified Chandler's judgment: Johnson became Governor and Happy at 41 fell upstairs into the Senate. But the coup roused minority resentment in the party, and when Chandler entered the Democratic primary in 1942, ex-Rep. John Young Brown, of Lexington, seeing no other candidate opposing the Senator, tossed his own hat into the ring and began telling voters about a new private swimming pool in the spacious bluegrass grounds of Chandler's home in Versailles. Brown charged that it had been built of rationed war materials at a cost of $3,500 by a Louisville contractor and that it was a gift to the Senator.

Louisville newspapers, which are among those who suspect Chandler's political steadfastness, gave full if neutral publicity to Brown's charges and Chandler's defense that the gift was a mere token of friendship. They also, with calculated design, garnished the dispute with pictorial layouts of the Senator's luxurious home, swimming pool and elaborate hunting lodge.

Trouble seemed to threaten Happy. Indeed, for a candidate less inspired, such publicity might have lost the election. But Happy, taking the attack in stride, commented that "the people of Kentucky are not going to get mad with me over a little old swimming pool." He also got busy in Washington.

The episode appears to have stirred certain parts of the nation's capital as much as Kentucky. The administration, through Senate majority leader Barkley, Kentucky's other Senator, went to bat for Happy, urging the Truman Committee to make a quick inquiry, Barkley pointing out how near were the primaries.

The Truman Committee obliged by speeding up an investigation and made a report which absolved Chandler of seeking any government contracts for the swimming-pool donor. Truman also read to the Senate on July 23, 1942, a WLB report that "the construction of a private swimming pool for Senator Chan-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dler's Versailles home had not violated priorities on steel and brass as had been charged."

Thus cleared, Happy triumphed in the August primaries by a three-to-one vote, and again in the November 3 election against the Republican candidate. Exactly eight days later the WLB, suddenly and without explanation, made public an order against the Louisville contracting firm that had given Happy the swimming pool, denying it "assistance for three months for constructing a swimming pool for Senator Chandler without authorization by the WPB," and charging that this construction work "had hampered and impaired the war effort by using 8,000 pounds of steel and 'considerable' brass." Chandler's enemies believe that this order was delayed until after the November election through administration influence.

Be this as it may, Happy's 1942 election to the Senate was due to his pledged support of the President. For Kentucky democracy is overwhelmingly pro-Roosevelt. Chandler had promised to "stand by the great white father," and Kentucky felt that that was the one thing needed of a legislator, especially in wartime.

But the liberal Louisville newspapers, suspecting that he was not a New Dealer at heart, gave him only perfunctory support. They had misgivings that he would turn on the President sooner or later. The turn appears to have come sooner than they expected.

Chandler's aspirations apparently have led him to conclude that continued support of the war effort or the New Deal will provide no new political springboard. There are indications that he hopes to crystallize in his own person whatever Chicago Tribune-New York Daily News-Washington Times-Herald sentiment may exist in the Democratic Party and to become the standard-bearer for the party's isolationist wing.

A disturbing aspect of his recent volte-face is that Chandler evidently appraises this wing as stronger than is generally suspected, and that once more he may be right. He can do a lot of mischief in six years, he and Wheeler, O'Daniel, Nye and Company.

For the present, Happy's plans appear to be stymied by the successful turn of the war, the logic of Churchill's speech to Congress in answer to his "Japs first" agitation, and the emerging wisdom of the Alaskan command's Aleutian strategy which baited the Japs into diverting much naval strength to supply Attu and Kiska. But many Kentuckians are sure that Happy is only biding his time for a favorable turn of events.

The Senator recently returned from Hollywood, where he visited his talented daughter who has been given a long-term movie contract. But cynics in the movie capital were whispering that Happy's trip to California had another purpose of equal importance—to expose the senatorial presence to the chance of a meeting with Mr. Hearst, who is a frequent visitor to the studios. Indeed, some Brown Derby sophisticates even insist that such a meeting has already taken place.

Perhaps it has. Perhaps it may prove historical. But perhaps—and this is frankly wishful thinking—Happy may have received from the publisher what was once characterized in another happy warrior's robust phrase as the kiss of death.

POTOMACUS

Report from Minnesota

THE POLITICAL POT is boiling these days in Minnesota. This state, which has always been pretty independent in political matters, can furnish some interesting clues to the general situation in the Middle West and may give a hint or two in regard to the 1944 election.

The most interesting new political figure in Minnesota is a defeated candidate. Although Hubert H. Humphrey lost in the recent mayoralty campaign in Minneapolis, he made a showing which definitely put him on the map. It was the more surprising because he has an English name, and is dark, in a state which prefers its politicians to be blonds of Scandinavian origin.

Humphrey, a former political-science professor, who worked his way through college as a druggist, is wiry, slim, built on springs. He is a persuasive orator. In the mayoralty campaign, he started as an unknown and in six weeks he rolled up a vote of 55,000 against incumbent Mayor Kline's 60,000. That vote astounded everybody, because Humphrey had some really great obstacles to overcome: namely, he knew little about practical politics; he was running against a better-than-average mayor who had not had a chance in his one term to cause irritation, and who was, as Roosevelt is nationally, the community's leader during a war crisis; he had yet to convince, beyond the AFL's endorsement, the rank-and-file laborer that he was his leader; he lacked the support of the CIO (though he got it after the primaries).

But Humphrey electrified the city in short order. Speaking as fast as a car could get him from meeting to meeting, he averaged eight talks a day, besides all of his personal contacts.

When Kline, in a radio address released to the press before delivery, claimed that Humphrey had been introduced to labor by a racketeer, Humphrey charged into the Mayor's office, followed by excited newspapermen and photographers who had been tipped off by his campaign managers. Humphrey demanded an explanation, and when it was not satisfactory, a retraction. Kline was so stunned he made some inadvertent re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern State Normal School Library
Springfield, S. Dak.

marks which copy-hungry reporters caught on the first bounce. One of the remarks was very unfortunate (for him) because he admitted he had not yet read his own speech. The next day's papers gave Humphrey an unprecedented and favorable amount of space. Humphrey wanted, and got, the campaign to move along progressive, educational lines.

Humphrey right now, with the salt of defeat in his system, is an important man in the state of Minnesota. Since Olson's death, the liberal cause in Minnesota, except for the Roosevelt majority in '40, has been languishing. The more callous say it has died. Political writers and dopesters have been saying that since 1938 when shrewd Harold E. Stassen was elected Governor, the back of the liberals, the Farmer-Labor Party, was broken—broken by a Republican machine modernized by liberal spicing. The writers have a point. Stassen's liberal talk (his conservative actions have been unheralded) resulted in the landslides of '38, '40 and '42.

These defeats have not been so much at the hands of a Republican hero, for Stassen is too calculating to make a voter feel warmly about him, as because of the fact that the liberals lack leadership. The state Democratic Party has long been split because its leaders have been solely interested in dividing the patronage that comes from Washington and in grabbing a plum or two from either the Farmer-Labor or Republican Party, depending on which of the two offered more. And the Farmer-Labor Party is torn from within by the Benson and Peterson factions.

Roosevelt barely won in '40. If he runs in '44, he may lose—unless, all slippery factors remaining equal, the national Democratic heads pay some attention to the state. The Democrats must select a fiery local leader. If Olson were alive today, it would be a cinch. But he is gone. Humphrey is the one possibility.

The situation is serious. The press has been picking up the minor domestic errors of the Roosevelt administration. It has hammered on the Lewis imbroglio, the OPA omissions and commissions, inflation threats, the recent oil scandals. And thus, since the liberals do not have the power to disseminate news through the press and the radio, they need vibrant leadership to match the reactionary attacks, particularly if Willkie gets the Republican nomination—and if he does, the liberal-tinted press will really go to town.

Actually, despite the press, the grumblings of housewives, the grousing of a few merchants, and the black markets, the labor unions in the state want the OPA to work. Many of them remember vividly how their fat wages melted away in the presence of the hot, high prices of the last World War. And the majority of the farmers, the renters and the farm-owners who have mortgages, which together comprise about 60 percent of the total, want stable prices. They know from concrete experience how the blown-up give-and-take of the last war's market put them in the renter-mortgagee class.

And the farmers want the subsidy plan, despite the stories in the press against it—further evidence that the Farm Bureau is not a truly representative organization. In rural Hennepin County, for example, where conservative farmers have twice elected Republican Gale to the House, there is considerable resentment now because he voted against the plan.

The state's 187,000 trade unionists are, of course, against the Smith-Connally law—and against the Minnesotans in Congress who voted for it (and most of them did) and who acted to override the President's veto. In the eyes of these voters, Roosevelt emerged a hero. And the meatless, queazy apologies that found their way into the editorial columns of the state's newspapers have made many a farmer wonder about the merits of the law. They're wondering if it's wise to jail the only crew that can work the nation's mines.

The race riots in Detroit made the state shiver. It could have happened here. For though there aren't very many Negroes in Minnesota, and though one war-plant manager has mixed Negro workers with white workers successfully, there is a racial question here. It started violently in '38 when the reactionaries in hoarse whispers claimed that the Jews and the racketeers were running Governor Benson. Since then, not a campaign has come along without some vicious whispering. It was astounding to observe how even some of the local labor leaders wanted Humphrey to say, as a vote-getting technique, that Kline was being run by the Jews, that Kline was probably a Jew himself.

Though the racial question will be a problem for a long time to come, the isolationist sentiment has been pretty well dispersed. Even Hjalmar Peterson, the latest Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor and a rutabaga grower from Askov, Minnesota, is now plumping regularly in his weekly's editorial columns for the successful prosecution of the war. A wave of the hand must be given, too, to the press and to some of the Republican leaders: ex-Governor Stassen (now serving the country in a navy uniform), who has become nationally known for his program of war aims and his proposals for post-war coöperation with the nations of the world; Senator Ball, who was the first locally prominent politician to support Roosevelt's foreign policy, and was willing to campaign on it; and certainly eloquent Representative Judd, the former missionary to China.

Though Minnesota is geographically the most remote from enemy airfields, there is really a solid, cohesive movement to win the war as soon as possible and to win it right. Every Townsend Club, American Legion or Veterans of Foreign Wars meeting, whether it is local, district or statewide, refers constantly, by action and resolution, to post-war coöperation. And the whole state, labor, business, farm and church, has worked together to make the civilian-defense set-up effective.

Minneapolis FEIKE FEIKEMA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books by the Millions

AMERICAN PUBLISHING between two wars was essentially one of the luxury trades. That was the real burden of O. H. Cheney's report on the publishing business, issued in 1931. After making a pretty exhaustive survey, Mr. Cheney and his associates found that the sale of books, city by city, roughly paralleled the sale of jewelry, cut flowers and automobiles costing more than $1,000. They found that in the whole country there were only 4,053 retail outlets for books, and most of these were gift shops or stationery stores that sold a few novels as a sideline. Only about 500 bookstores did enough business for the publishers' salesmen to bother calling on them; and there was not one of these "best" outlets in Idaho, North Dakota or Wyoming. There was no bookstore of any sort in two-thirds of all the counties of the United States.

Most of the 500 stores that made a business of bookselling were concentrated in the twelve largest cities. Most of their customers had family incomes of more than $5,000 a year, and they even belonged to fixed categories among the well-to-do: for example, many of them were rich spinsters or the wives of professional men. Most American farmers, mechanics and small tradespeople had never entered a bookstore. The International Labor Office, about 1930, had investigated the expenditures of one hundred families whose wage-earners were employed by the Ford Motor Company. Their average yearly income was $1,711 per family. Out of this sum, $12.06 was spent on newspapers, $5.55 on tickets for the movies and $.20 on books. Ninety-three of these families bought no books during the year.

The book-buying public hadn't always been so small. Before 1890, European authors were not protected by American copyright, and pirated editions of their work had a very large circulation. Paper-bound copies of Dickens, Zola and even Tolstoy could be bought at thousands of newsstands. The Riverside Library of standard authors didn't engage in piracy, but nevertheless it was cheap and widely distributed. New novels were inexpensive, too. As late as 1910, they had two prices—$1.08 and $1.35, depending on their length—and some of them sold more than a million copies.

It was the First World War that doubled the price of books in this country and thereby helped to destroy the mass market for them. Perhaps it could have been restored, but the public during the post-war years showed little interest in reading. Small stores closed out their stocks of books. Publishers found themselves in the same position as other business men dealing in luxury articles: they were charging a high unit price in order to compensate for lack of volume. With a "thin" market, they were facing what seemed to be an insoluble dilemma. They could not easily widen or thicken the market as long as books were expensive. Unless they widened it, they couldn't charge much less for books without going bankrupt.

Several publishers made the experiment. To mention a few of their efforts to reach a larger audience, there were the new dollar novels published about 1930, and the paper-bound Bonibooks that sold for half a dollar (like half a pound of Burma Shave), and the Modern Age books, also paper-bound, that sold for as little as 25 cents.[1] None of these ventures was a commercial success. One reason was that most of the emphasis was on low prices; nobody tried very hard to give a new reading public exactly what it wanted. The fact was that some of these publishers tried instead to give the public what was good for it, and found that it wasn't interested. A still greater difficulty was that the conventional bookstores, with their limited patronage, were not equipped to sell cheap books in quantity. Some booksellers refused to handle them.

The first really low-priced series to reach a large public was Triangle Books, founded by Reynal and Hitchcock in 1937 and afterwards taken over by Doubleday, Doran. The series consisted of cloth-bound books, chiefly fiction, that sold for 39 cents (later 49 cents) and it had two original features besides the low price. In the first place, it included good and bad novels—they were mostly bad in the beginning—that were chosen primarily for their appeal to a popular audience. In the second place, it didn't depend on booksellers for distribution. Triangle Books were sold in all sorts of new outlets, including cut-rate chain department stores and chain groceries. People brought them even if they had a book already.

Pocket Books, Inc., founded in 1939, carried the same principles even further. It began by solving an old problem, that is, by finding a convenient, reasonably attractive and highly salable format for full-length books to be sold for 25 cents each. It assembled a list of titles likely to appeal to a mass audience; and finally it went into merchandising on a big scale. As compared with the ordinary book trade, most of which is still handled by 500 retail stores, there are more than 600 jobbers distributing Pocket Books to at least 52,000 retail outlets, including newsstands, cigar stores, hotels and even gambling joints in Las Vegas, Nevada. Post exchanges in army camps have been selling 300,000 Pocket Books each month. The total sale through all outlets was 10,000,000 copies in 1941 and 20,000,000

[1] The New Republic Dollar Books—serious non-fiction—were the first of the post-war ventures in this field. They had a better financial record than most of the others, because of low overhead, but never reached a very wide public.—M. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1942. The publishers say they could easily sell 35,000,000 in 1943 if they had paper to print them.

So far their most popular title has been "See Here, Private Hargrove," which sold 1,541,500 copies in the seven months ending September 18. "How to Win Friends and Influence People" stands second on their list, after leading it for more than a year; total sales to September 18 were 1,400,000. Most of their successful books were best-sellers at the regular price before being reissued, but the publishers have discovered a few special characteristics of the mass market. Books that have been turned into popular movies always find a new audience, even if they are century-old novels like "Wuthering Heights." Detective stories at $2 a copy were never popular merchandise; a sale of 5,000 is still regarded as better than the average; but people are eager to buy them when they are reprinted in paper covers for 25 cents. "The New Adventures of Ellery Queen" has sold more than 580,000 copies as a Pocket Book. Finally, it has been found that new books can be published at the same low price, if the demand already exists and the public is willing to buy them purely on the strength of their titles. "The Pocket Book of Short Stories," a new anthology, has sold 736,000 copies. "The Pocket History of the United States," written especially for this series, sold more than 300,000 in the first six months.

From the standpoint of mass merchandising, one of the most interesting ventures in low-priced books is the New Home Library. It is a non-fiction series of rather well printed, cloth-bound books that sell for 69 cents each, chiefly in the chain stores—including the 1,850 American stores of the F. W. Woolworth Company. Most of the seventy-odd books so far published in the series fall into three general categories: sex of a rather mild sort, humor and self-improvement. Some of them have literary merit: for example, Somerset Maugham's "Introduction to Modern English and American Literature," which is one of the best anthologies of our time. At the other end of the scale is Evangeline Adams' "Astrology for Everyone." The one feature binding all these books together is that they were selected or revised, or in some cases specially written, for the millions of people who patronize the chain stores.

How to reach this public—and other publics too—is a problem now being attacked from many different angles, with a mixture of visionary enthusiasm and rather cynical business sense. New experiments are continually being made, as in the case of Wendell Willkie's "One World." This was not the first book to be printed as an oversized pamphlet for $1, and neither was it the first to be sold by cigar stores and newsstands. The original feature was the application of what magazine publishers call "the saturation method." Copies of the $1 edition were placed on sale wherever possible, in big, impressive piles, until the market was completely saturated. The public has bought 943,025 copies of the pamphlet, besides 240,314 copies of the cloth-bound edition at $2 (incidentally, 33,000 copies were sold over the air). "One World" was also reprinted as part of a premium book distributed by the Book-of-the-Month-Club to perhaps 300,000 readers.

The book clubs have developed an immense mail-order business by advertising and direct solicitation. During the first years, however, they reached only a limited public. The Cheney report made a prophecy about them: it said that the book clubs would take their place "as a useful, but minor, factor in book distribution. . . . The limitations of the selling methods are such that memberships will not soon, if ever, go beyond the peak already reached." The fact was that in 1931 the book clubs were only beginning to grow. To mention only the largest of them, the Book-of-the-Month Club now has four times as many members as it had when the Cheney report was issued. Many of these 590,000 members live in districts without booksellers and hence order all their books through the Club. In effect, it has become the biggest bookstore in the world.

This fall, Sears, Roebuck and Company is sponsoring a new book club, in partnership with Simon and Schuster. Its potential members are the seven million families who get a copy of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, plus the customers of 600 Sears, Roebuck retail stores. It will distribute special editions of books chosen from the current best-seller lists: for example, its first monthly choice was "The Valley of Decision," which stood second on the lists all spring. The first premium book is "The Robe," which continues to stand first.

The People's Book Club, as it is called, has made one change in the familiar book-club formula. Instead of having its selections made by a panel of judges, it is delegating the task to Dr. George H. Gallup and his American Institute of Public Opinion. Dr. Gallup will poll a cross-section of the club membership and will determine which of the best-sellers arouses the greatest reader response. This book will become "the people's choice" for the month, at $1.66 per copy. Some of the advance publicity sounds as if Messrs. Simon, Sears, Schuster and Roebuck were making an experiment in advanced democracy; their slogan is, "Books selected by the people for the people." Other publishers make jokes about the Sears, Roebuck catalogue and say that the real slogan should be, "A premium book in every privy." The jokes are pretty bad, but behind them is a justified feeling that merchandise shouldn't be wrapped for sale in the Gettysburg Address.

The largest new public for books in wartime is the armed forces. Ten million men in uniform have shown a greater appetite for reading matter than could be supplied by any method of distribution that existed before the war, or even by the five million books collected in the Victory Book campaigns. The Council

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Books in Wartime suggested a new scheme, which was accepted by the War and Navy Departments. Each month, twenty-five or more books, most of them newly published, will be reprinted in editions of at least 50,000 copies; there was talk at one time of producing as many as 35,000,000 separate books a year. Beginning this fall, they will be distributed in free monthly packages to army units and ships in foreign service, as well as to military hospitals and isolated army camps in the United States. Few civilians will ever see them.

The books themselves are designed for cheapness, convenience and wear-outability. They are about the size and shape of four-by-six-inch memo pads with colored paper covers, and they are stitched or stapled along the narrow edge. Each page contains two short columns of type. When reprinted in this fashion, on flimsy newsprint, a short book weighs about one ounce. Even a 600-page novel weighs only four ounces and will slip easily into the smallest pocket of a uniform. My impression from handling one of the advance copies is that it would fall to pieces after two or three readings. Indeed, that seems to be part of the scheme; the Council on Books in Wartime says that its products are intended to be "strictly expendable"; and hence there will be no competition with the book market at home. The Armed Services Editions might even expand it, by spreading the habit of reading books.

Some of the special conditions that have favored the publishing trade in wartime will disappear when peace breaks out. After a post-war spending boom that won't last for many years, there will be no shortage of merchandise; instead there will be the familiar shortage of money to buy it. The family car will be busy again, not to mention the family helicopter. During transcontinental tours, there won't be much time to read more than occasional headlines—about electronic murders, perhaps, or sex crimes in Plastiglass lovenests. On the other hand, millions of people who stay at home will have become used to owning books and even reading them. Many of these books will continue to be sold at relatively low prices through thousands of new outlets. Among publishers, there will be more and more interest in reaching the mass market.

I should guess that the sale of popular books after the war will be in the millions instead of the hundred thousands. Authors will have the satisfaction of writing for the great public, instead of addressing a little group of like-minded people. Those among them who have the broadly human touch will be paid almost like movie stars. The general level of culture will be raised, and perhaps even the general capacity for logical thinking. A public that is used to reading books will be much better informed and have broader horizons. These are highly desirable ends in themselves, but we should not exaggerate their effect on history. The Germans have shown us that a highly cultured people can make worse mistakes than, for example, Serbian peasants who read nothing at all.

From the standpoint of literature itself, there was a great deal to be said for the inefficient method of publishing that grew up between two wars. Books cost too much, but almost every author worth publishing was able to see his work in print. I wouldn't say every author, for some of them had bad luck or too little pertinacity; but in general the good books appeared, sooner or later, along with a host of mediocre and worthless books; they weren't suppressed by their lack of popular appeal. Partly because books had a limited circulation, there were relatively few attempts to censor them. The system, or lack of system, was one that encouraged experiments on the part of authors and publishers. The authors could find a small public, at least, for their wildest innovations. The publishers could console themselves for a book that didn't sell by saying that they hadn't lost very much money and perhaps had gained a little prestige.

The new system will be one that encourages conformity. With popular books selling by the millions of copies, the government and the churches will be more concerned about their contents, just as they are more concerned about the movies than about the stage. And there will be another form of censorship that operates in all the popular arts; I mean censorship by public taste. If publishers operate on a smaller margin of profit—if they sell their products at a lower unit price in order to reach a mass audience—they will have to take fewer risks. Like General Motors or Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, they will have to be sure that their new models are what the public is willing to buy before putting them on the market. As a result, there will be more editing of manuscripts and more books written collectively, like articles in Fortune. The publishers will pay less attention to literary critics than to Dr. Gallup and his rivals who can read the public mind. Following the example of the People's Book Club, they will abandon any pretense of guiding that mind; they will simply give the public what it wants.

Publishing for the mass market is one of the most exciting developments in American life, but we shouldn't delude ourselves about its possibilities. It doesn't mean that the books we personally admire will have ten times as many readers; in the future some of them may not be published at all. The public taste is good, in the long run, but it can be imposed upon for years by literary frauds. It prefers anecdotes to formal expositions, personalities to ideals; and it hasn't much patience with experiments. I can't imagine a mass-market publisher showing any interest in the manuscript of "The Sun Also Rises" or "The Bridge" or "The Sound and the Fury." On the other hand, it is possible that the present system of publishing and distributing books at high prices to a small audience will be preserved almost intact. Like the Broadway stage,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it would be a testing ground for works that might afterwards be revised, before being marketed in bulk.

The general situation in literature is coming to resemble that which we find in the other popular arts. The public is getting more books, just as it is getting more plays (on the screen), more music by radio and even more paintings in better reproductions. Everything that has to do with the diffusion of culture is being handled with more and more technical efficiency. The creation of culture is a different question altogether.

MALCOLM COWLEY

This is the second of two articles about publishing in wartime. – THE EDITORS

Through the Window[1]

I AM IN ROOM A, Ward 7, on a sojourn in a hospital. I am alone, away from the other patients and their radios. It is summer. Through the screened window, I see the green lawn and yellow dandelions, and a wren flirting with a robin that is absorbed in listening to sounds beneath the earth.

I have spent much time at hospitals in immaculate beds, watching white-draped women, fresh and crisp, pass me by along daily waxed floors. These women are like guns, efficient and impersonal, searching among the living and uselessly touching the invulnerable dead. I have had my pulse checked twice a day—held in my mouth a mercury-filled glass tube while sure fingers encircled my wrist—listened to yarns spun by bedmates, read their letters from home, filled with important trivia, shared books, and once, the startling gift of a box of candy.

Now I hear a shriek, but it does not bother me; nor do the moribund wailings coming from the same ward. Those minds are destroyed. No new tissue will mend the snapped cord of consciousness as tissue will knit my wound.

Typical of this weather, a cloud has spoiled the bright day; now there is only a gray, chill light to see by. Again I look for the wren and the robin, but the view is empty. Only the dandelions wink at me like coy girls wearing yellow sun-hats.

A sparse vine creeps along the window sill, and I examine it without touching the thinly veined leaves. I see the tenuous threads, which are really quite tough —strong tendrils capable of entwining in an inextricable manner round any projection or protuberance. The buds are green and bursting, and matured leaves shelter them from sudden rain squalls and high winds.

A red-winged blackbird comes and looks in my room. Seeing me, he hesitates, cocking his little head to one side. Then I cough and he flies away.

[1] This is one of a series of articles and sketches submitted in our Soldiers' Prose competition. These are paid for at our regular rates and there is also a special prize for the best entry submitted during each calendar month. – THE EDITORS

In the distance, along a walk, stroll four Wacs. They chatter among themselves, and one points to the hospital. In their eyes one sees strange things and suggestions. They are not young, yet age does not own them; they are not beautiful, but they are women.

The girls look up and see me framed in my window. They smile by turns, and one waves casually a friendly salute. Then they pass out of sight behind the building.

I cannot see the parade ground. But I can hear the loud voices shouting at the raw recruits as they sway and turn to the commands. I can remember the thick ranks and long files, snapping Eyes Right! when passing the reviewing stand, and the sound of martial music beating to the stepping feet. It is here that I will receive the citation for my share in capturing an enemy machine-gun nest. This will be when I am well again.

The corps boy comes in with my lunch. It consists of soup, milk, potatoes and meat. It is a tasteless meal, for seasoning is bad for me; but the milk has a rich, thick taste and smacks of the farm.

My home is a farm, a wheatland far away, but waiting for my return. There are two dogs there who will rush up to greet me when I open the gate. And a man and a woman will say grace for their son's safe return.

And I again look across the green meadow extending like a shelf to the main gate in the distance.

I see women entering, civilians in white and blue dresses that catch the wind and billow immodestly. There is a girl nearing the hospital, wearing a yellow sweater and a delicate green skirt; over her arm drapes a coat the color of a splendid sunset. There are also nurses in heavy blue suits, accompanied by women visitors. The nurses gaze wistfully at the refractory dresses of their companions.

I hear the army band coming from behind the hospital. Soon it will be in view. It comes. The music beats in steady cadence to a new contingent of Wacs who proudly march to the rhythm. There are more than a hundred uniformed women there, all eager, curious, disturbed. They pass and disappear into a long, wooden barracks which is at the far end of the grassy meadow.

Between them and me is a tree well favored with leaves whose boughs, unsteady in the wind, shake a green cargo. Yet it must be a generous, inviting world —this place of cool scents and wide shadows; a good, easy world that gives shade and protection to whoever seeks it.

But it is beyond my reach, this tree shade; and the chirping of its birds is not audible to my ears. The sun sets, and the wind comes for the evening. In it is a taint of dampness. My hand trembles on the vines asleep on the window sill.

I must rest. But before that, I plan to put here on the unconquerable vines a saucer of water and a crust of bread, for I would like to hear the birds in the morning.

CPL. J. ANTHONY LAGONA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

The Week's Round-Up

A BEAD OF SWEAT on the forehead of the Secret Serviceman, behind the President, slowly traveled down and lost itself in a blond eyebrow. It was hot in the overcrowded study. Mr. Roosevelt sat in his monogrammed shirtsleeves. The inevitable press-conference question had been asked about the McCormick-Patterson charge of a "fourth-term plot" to get rid of General Marshall.

Mr. Roosevelt waited, and forced a smile. There was no angry outburst. The matter was too serious. Here was attribution of the basest motives to the Commander-in-Chief in wartime by the Copperhead Press, coupled with an appeal to anti-British prejudices, in whose behalf, it was charged, Marshall was to be "kicked upstairs." Mr. Roosevelt pretended to roll up his sleeves combatively. Then he began. What was spoken here, he said mildly, would go into the record; would some day be published. He wanted the full incident to appear. Slowly he read the original "plot" story, pausing over certain lines. Then, without characterizing them himself, he used as his reply portions of two editorials which he read deliberately from The New York Herald Tribune. There was silence; then brief questioning. Then a reporter said "Thank you, Mr. President," and the crowd rushed out. That ended the episode. The Secret Serviceman mopped his damp forehead.

What does it all add up to? Most correspondents here, after talking it over, feel that the President handled the situation effectively and made a more telling impression than he could have done by indignant, though warranted, replies. But if venom like this is published already, what kind of vituperation will be spewed out in the 1944 election?

I am in a position to reveal one small incident in the present relationship between President and Press. Mr. Roosevelt is now engaged in an effort to give his conferences more substantial military information, and this involves a little contest (if that is the word) with Winston Churchill. Recently the Prime Minister has been "scooping" irritated correspondents, who have had dozens of items held up by censors only to hear them revealed by the Prime Minister before the Commons, as, for example, the revelation of the new German rocket-torpedo. The matter has been brought to the President's attention, and for a couple of press conferences he has consciously been making himself a source of important interpretative information, going so far on one occasion as to call in General Marshall beforehand to supply him with facts later given to the press. Just how long this will last nobody can say. That something must be done to loosen American censorship and red tape is agreed and the President seems to be groping for a solution.

The whole big but half-forgotten subject of inflation is opened up again now by the new tax proposals and the President's prospective message to Congress. One prediction on the subject is safe: Mr. Roosevelt is asking for less taxes than he knows the situation demands, and Congress will grant less than he asks. Best guess is that about next January Congress will reluctantly impose somewhat higher income taxes plus certain new excise taxes, after a probable deadlock with the administration over its effort to impose a general sales tax. There is nothing to show the slightest intention of eliminating the dangerous inflationary gap.

One specific aspect of the present legislative situation hinging on taxes deserves comment. The big insurance lobby is going into action, fighting the social-security program, attacking particularly the new recommendation for federal paid-up insurance as partial reimbursement for taxes, and also quietly pushing the Van Nuys-Bailey bill, S. 1362, which would kill a prospective Justice Department investigation of the fat fire-insurance companies.

Three Senators are lying in ambush for the anti-poll-tax bill—Messrs. Connally, Bilbo and McKellar. Connally will be the brains behind the great new fight; Bilbo will wave the bloody shirt and appeal to anti-Negro prejudices, while McKellar, who would be defeated in Tennessee in the first free election, will rush to support the mechanism by which he and Boss Crump control the state. And yet this year the reform advocates see hope. The House has acted strongly for the bill; the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee has reported out the measure, three to two; the full Senate committee will almost certainly follow suit after hearing three spokesmen from each side in hearings scheduled for this month, and Chairman Van Nuys, who so far has shown himself fair in handling the matter, has promised to put the burning issue on the Senate calendar five days after his committee acts.

Russia has apparently let down the bars in granting visas for American newspapermen, presumably in anticipation of the three-power parleys. . . . The Republican Party organization here in Washington is already going ahead with plans to round up the women's vote in 1944, on the theory that with men away in the army and in war jobs, women will hold the balance of power in as many as a dozen states, and that women on the whole are more conservative than men. . . . It was a forthright open letter to Speaker Rayburn on the front page of The Washington Post which really wrote finis to Eugene Cox's chairmanship of the House committee making its "smear" investigation of the FCC. Eugene Meyer is one of the nation's wealthy men. He is a conservative who believes in decent government. He has been giving Washington a better and better newspaper and putting the information before Congress just where it counts most, on its breakfast table. This open letter demanding Cox's resignation was a courageous and enlightened act. It could not be ignored. In a bathetic welter of tears Mr. Cox resigned three days later. . . . Finally, Washington's joke-of-the-week: Mussolini (so the story goes) was offered a job by the OWI after his capture by Badoglio, and agreed to take it. He was to appeal to Italians over the radio to kick out the Germans. It was all going swimmingly when the Dies Committee intervened. They investigated Il Duce's past and the whole scheme had to be dropped. Seems Dies discovered that the dictator of Italy had once been a Socialist.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian Victory

THE FIRST PART of the newsreel-assembly called "The City That Stopped Hitler: Heroic Stalingrad" is identical with any preceding battle-front portrait containing Fitzgerald-travelogue views of a city, the pastorals of harvesting farmers, and the blitz roaring down someone's highway in captured enemy newsreels. But in the latter half of the film is an irony that will make it one of the more grimly poetic descriptions of the war, as different from the usual war documentary as the battle of Stalingrad was from any other battle of the war. It is an irony occasionally intended but mainly the result of the inveterate Russian sense for cinema realism at work on the material of Stalingrad, the very nature of which would make any film of it a kind of Bible in the extremes of fighting techniques, destruction, death and heroism.

Scorn, irony and satire have usually been rendered in war movies as meaningless and embarrassing devices of name-calling (like the continual reference to the Japanese as rats). But in this film there is an unmistakable, grim savor, implicit in the visual content, and its effect would be there, with or without Mr. Donlevy's narration. For instance, the mockery is Breughelesque when the most unfortunate, stricken German prisoner, an Ichabod Crane of a person whose frozen feet are burlesqued by the enormous woolen bundles wrapped around them, is walked off into the barren Russian landscape as a symbolical allusion to what awaits the ambitious army that invades Russia. There is a similar shot of a decapitated, frozen body at the very edge of the Volga, showing that the Germans actually did reach the river, as they swore they would, but in an utterly useless condition. The entire sequence at the end, which juxtaposes examples from the most glorious moments of goose-stepping German militarism in the West, with its frozen, humiliated and hopeless state after the surrender at Stalingrad, is a valid monument in scorn.

This Amkino film is not as lucid, clean and exact as the British film of the North African campaign, "Desert Victory," but it is closer to the actual grain of war. It treats of two factors—death and destruction—which are usually glossed over in movies for the more successful details of a battle, such as the raising of the conquering army's flag over the conquered town, or for the more active periods, such as airplane dogfights. The fact of death in movies is seldom equal to the solemn look and stance of the spectators at the funeral, the words of the preacher, and the little Passion Play that the director has figured out to make you cry. But here death is treated as a physical, visual fact, with unusual curiosity and quiet. The person's deadness and the condition he was left in by the bullet, bomb, or in this case the freezing cold, are the most important elements of the death scenes and achieve, as a result, the strength of compassionate dignity. I can remember no American or British film which expressed the destruction of war so honestly and well. Some of the most important contributions of this movie are the comparisons it repeatedly makes between the peacetime city and its present ruins. There is a sardonic reality in views of the rubbled city behind a gaunt, rickety horse, in Apocalyptic reference, and again behind a statue, somehow left standing in all the ruins, of a frolicking circle of children. Even a view of the victorious Russian army marching through the beleaguered city after the siege had been broken was made less romantic than usual by the grim nature of the scene around the marchers, who are indeed victorious but not in the deathless, destructionless vistas conquering movie armies usually march through.

Completely contrary to the existing, close-mouthed war-document tradition is the appearance here of a new secret weapon called "Katushka," which was first used by the Russians to relieve the siege on Stalingrad and which I find impossible to describe except by saying that it is a series of multiple cannon which explode a ceaseless, spraying avalanche of rocket charges. Finally there is the climaxing scene in which the Soviet armies of the north and south joined at Kalach, trapping the entire German siege force of 330,000 men around Stalingrad. Their meeting has been somehow completely caught on film, two white-clad armies approaching each other in a line stretching for miles, and finally falling joyfully into one another's arms. (It is an inspiring scene which could make Eisenstein's or Griffith's mouth water, with their love of crowds or armies which move in lines and, if possible, come together.)

After the war all but a few war films will be permanently retired because they were too pretty. Because it contains more sides of the war and more humanity, "Stalingrad" will be an important record. Its candor and simplicity make its account of the battle so moving as to be a rare experience in documentaries. MANNY FARBER

When Our Oil Gives Out

NOT LONG AGO the newspapers broke out in a rash of headlines which said that the United States' petroleum supply would be exhausted in another fifteen to twenty years. Probably some people who read these stories had alarming visions of the final days, with gasoline shooting up in price to a dollar a gallon, to five, to ten; of great crowds battling at the filling stations just before the pumps ran dry forever; and finally of parkways littered with motionless cars, like so many flies on flypaper, which had died in their tracks for lack of gas. It becomes pertinent to ask therefore: Are these alarming statements true? What shall we do when the gas runs out?

Let me say at once that all these fears are groundless. We aren't going to run out of gasoline, and it probably won't even go up much in price. The story of why this is so is a remarkable narrative of a great storehouse of natural resources of which most of us are unaware, plus the usual American tale of striking inventive ingenuity.

The newspaper headlines referred to were based upon a simple calculation—much too simple, in fact. The present known oil reserves in the United States are about twenty billion barrels. We are using them up at the rate of about one and a half billion barrels per year. Divide the first figure by the second and you arrive at a length of time of about thirteen years. The newspaper articles call it "fifteen to twenty" in order not to sound too exact.

In reality, however, a comparison of visible resources and rate of use is almost meaningless. In the first place, the amount of oil in the ground is a very uncertain and shift-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing quantity. Even with the greatly improved skills of modern science, no one knows just how much oil there is in any given location, or what proportion is capable of being recovered. The percentage will vary with the speed with which we try to get it out of the ground. Even more important is the fact that new deposits are almost constantly being discovered, and estimates of the size of old deposits are almost always being revised. Since these estimates were made in the first place by men imbued with scientific conservatism, such revisions are usually upward.

In discussing future oil supplies, it is rather unreasonable to confine our thinking to the United States alone. Common sense tells us that in the long run, total world supplies will certainly be available for total world use. Although the United States is now producing about two-thirds of the world's petroleum, we have only about one-sixth of the world's potential supply. In other words, we are producing four times our proportionate share. The world supply is such that it should take care of all probable world needs, according to eminent experts, for at least another generation or two.

Let us suppose, however, that the United States should be cut off from the rest of the world, and should be forced to live on its internal resources. Even then we have nothing to worry about. The *visible* oil reserve of twenty billion barrels is far different from the total oil supply, which may be several times greater. There have been individual years in the recent past during which new discoveries have far exceeded total consumption. This is not the case at the present moment, but there are special reasons for this. Oil is discovered by prospectors, who rarely do all the developing themselves. Their usual custom is to find it, sell it, and move on somewhere else. At present these explorers are held back by shortages of manpower and materials and, to some extent, by government limitations on the price of oil. But we could certainly speed up the rate of exploration any time we cared to offer a sufficient incentive. Using up our oil is not, therefore, like opening the outlet plug in a full bathtub. It is more like a bathtub with water running both into and out of it simultaneously. In spite of the present rates of discovery and of use, our oil will almost certainly last a great deal longer than fifteen or twenty years—perhaps half a century. This is not, of course, any reason to waste it. It should be used with full reasonable care, and any practice that interferes with such use ought to be prohibited. But we don't need to start wringing our hands just yet.

As stated, the faster you take oil out of the ground, the greater is the proportionate waste. If you pump too rapidly, water gets into it and other complicated things happen which increase the amount that is non-recoverable. Old-time methods were far more wasteful than those of the present day. For example, natural gas always occurs with oil; it is, indeed a vaporized form of oil. In most cases oil below ground is under heavy pressure in which natural gas plays an important part. In the old days this was not fully realized. Although for many years past, some natural gas has been drawn off and used, a great deal of it has been allowed to go to waste. When the underground pressure was sufficiently reduced, oil wells ceased to flow and had to be pumped. Today it is becoming standard practice to catch the escaping natural gas and force it back into the underground oil area, thus reducing the amount of oil that is finally irrecoverable.

What do we do when, perhaps fifty years from now, so much oil has been taken out that extracting the remainder would be prohibitively expensive? We next turn, according to experts I have consulted, to this same natural gas. Not only does it appear as a by-product of oil, but there are large areas where gas is the chief product, and oil is only incidental. To turn it into gasoline will probably be quite easy and simple, by processes already thoroughly tested and in practical use in some parts of the world. Such gasoline would cost only slightly more than does the present product and would be just as efficient. The scientists estimate that there are nearly *one hundred trillion* cubic feet of natural gas within the continental United States. In terms of potential usefulness, this is about equal to the entire oil reserves of the country. If oil would take care of us, as stated, for the next half-century, natural gas would give us all the gasoline we would need for another probable fifty years. At the same time, all the present uses for natural gas should continue. We would not of course wait until the oil was all gone before we started on natural gas. One industry would develop alongside the other, and the new one would increase as the old one declined.

What shall we do when the natural gas, also, begins to reach the point of diminishing returns? The scientists say that we could next turn to oil-bearing shale rock, of which we have an almost unbelievable amount. This shale is sedimentary rock formed under water in past geologic ages, when much of the interior of the United States was an ocean bed. While scientists are not quite agreed, the prevailing thought is that oil is decayed organic matter from incredible quantities of minute marine organisms. As they died, eons ago, their bodies drifted downward to settle on the ocean floor. If these vast deposits of marine organisms were not mixed with other substances, the result was pure oil. In certain cases, however, the water was impregnated with mineral matter and this intermingled with the decaying bodies of the marine organisms to form sedimentation which eventually turned into rock. That rock is the oil-bearing shale that is found in huge amounts in Colorado and Utah and in lesser quantities in Indiana, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The oil from shale is very similar to oil from wells, and needs no chemical treatment. Getting the oil out of the rock is something of a problem, but not an insuperable one. Various successful ways are already in use. Oil from shale can be used to drive your car at a reasonable cost, though higher than at present, and with equal standards of efficiency. The scientists say there are nearly one hundred billion barrels of shale oil available, which should add at least another fifty years to the nation's oil supply at the present rate of consumption.

Naturally, political spokesmen for the parts of the country where the shale rock exists would like to use these resources far earlier than is indicated in this article. I am here ignoring political considerations entirely, and giving the recommendations of the experts on a basis solely of physical facts.

After considering shale rock, we should turn next to tar sands. In Alberta, Canada, there are oil-bearing sands

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which have been created in a way roughly parallel to that of the shales. Here again, the oil can be extracted without much trouble. Tar sands are not used at present except on a limited scale; they are rather inaccessible and the cost of transportation is still fairly high. However, it is cheaper to render oil out of these sands, in northern Alberta, for example, than to ship in similar products from the United States. From the tar sands can be taken at least another hundred billion barrels of oil and perhaps two hundred and fifty billions. This gasoline should not cost much more per gallon than does our present supply.

In addition to the resources mentioned, we can and eventually will make oil from coal. Of coal, we have the enormous amount of *three trillion* tons. Most people are not aware that 70 percent of this is in or near the Rocky Mountains (some of it inaccessible for mining). Only 30 percent is east of the Mississippi, although that area accounts for 85 percent of the present production. To make gasoline from coal is of course fairly simple; there are three well known processes. Germany at present is making 50,000,000 barrels of gasoline annually by one of them—hydrogenation. The coal in this country could make all the gasoline we are likely to need for at least a thousand years, and this without cutting into other present uses.

At some point along the line, we should consider also gasoline made from vegetable matter. Three years ago I reported the successful experiments of Dr. E. Berl of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in making gasoline from growing plants. Under his method any sort of green organic matter can be used—leaves, twigs, branches, grass, vegetables, cornstalks. With large-scale production, costs could be brought down to reasonable levels, though whether it would be possible to compete successfully with the other techniques described in this article, it is too early to say. If we were truly wise, we would probably make much of our fuel from annual crops, which can be renewed year after year, rather than by using up the strictly limited resources locked within the earth. (Crops, of course, require fertilizer, and farms use up power, just as do oil wells and coal mines.)

It may be asked, how can anyone possibly say how much gasoline will be needed in the future, since we do not know what sort of engines or how many will be in use? The answer is that we can only guess very roughly. In the United States we have used as much crude oil in the last twelve years as we did in all previous time. When the rest of the world reaches our standard of motorization, the increase in gasoline consumption will be enormous. At present, for example, we produce every five days as much gasoline as the entire Italian Empire formerly used in a year. Every ten days we equal the annual output of Rumania, which is Germany's source of gasoline from natural oil.

The experts who have studied this subject look forward to a time when every adult in the country will have a car of his own, instead of the present one or two cars to a family. They anticipate many thousands, perhaps millions, of private helicopters or airplanes. On the other hand, they also look forward to a great increase in electric power as a substitute for stationary gasoline engines. Beyond this you get into the realm of the unpredictable, such as the use of atomic power, or the wireless transmission of energy. Already the engineers have succeeded in lighting an electric lamp, without wires, at a distance of a hundred feet or so. As things now stand, however, they see no practical use for such a technique. An automobile or airplane is constantly moving; it could hardly receive wireless power from a stationary source unless this power were broadcast in all directions. And if this were done, it would probably kill everybody within a wide radius.

On the credit side of the ledger, put the fact that internal-combustion engines are getting better and better and so is the quality of gasoline, which means many more miles to the gallon. A new gasoline has recently been announced that is about 50 percent more effective than one-hundred octane. A few years after the end of the war, it is not unreasonable to expect that your car will do forty-five or fifty miles to the gallon. Super-highways will both increase the mileage per gallon and tempt people to travel more and faster than they would otherwise have done. Striking a balance sheet among such vague factors as enter into one side of the ledger or the other is obviously impossible. It seems to me significant, however, that the more expert a man is in this field, the greater his optimism, for the long pull. B. B.

This is one of a series of articles under the general title, "Science and Technology." — THE EDITORS

The Bandwagon

In placing the picture "The City That Stopped Hitler—Heroic Stalingrad" in "Class B," the "objectionable in part" category, the Legion [of Decency] said the film "tends to incite hatred of the persons of enemies and to be excessively gruesome." — *From The New York Times.*

The Duke said he endorsed Prime Minister Churchill's proposal for Anglo-American coöperation after the war.

For her part, the Duchess, once rated among the world's best-dressed women, said that she has lost her interest in fashions. — *From The Chicago Sun.*

All of us want to be free from worry about jobs or sickness or a poverty-stricken old age. We also want to see peace among workers, farmers and business men; and to secure freedom for venture capital and protection against monopolies or unreasonable government regulations. These are splendid goals for Vice President Wallace and the rest of us to seek; but history teaches this simple fact: Only as the percentage of people who own their own home and garden and have three or more children and live by a sane religion increases are such goals attainable. — *Roger W. Babson in his syndicated column, as carried by The Savannah Morning News.*

The Considerate Reich

Russian civilians who did not wish to return to Soviet rule were afforded the possibility of leaving for the west with German troops. — *From a Berlin broadcast after the fall of Orel, reported by The New York Times.*

Signs and Portents

The chicken house is keeping pace with the march of world events. A leghorn hen on the S. E. Hough farm has laid an egg the shape of an Italian boot. At one end of the egg the letter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"G" is visible. That, says Hough, means that Germany is next. – *An AP dispatch from Polk City, Iowa.*

Brave New World

Rep. Hamilton Fish (R., N. Y.): "It [the Fulbright resolution] is a mirage. It is a pious declaration like the Ten Commandments, against which no one can vote." (A moment later he did vote against it on the test vote.) "We should put the interests of America first. Let's win the war and then fight it out with our allies." – *From PM.*

Total-War Department

Lou Cohen, theatre manager, reported that a woman who planked down $375 for a $500 war bond told him she had been saving the money to get a divorce, but that she hated Hitler more than she did her husband. – *AP dispatch from Hartford, Conn.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Socialized Medicine

SIR: We of the sophomore class of Nebraska Medical School recently took a straw vote on the Wagner-Murray bill. We did not consider the measure in detail, but instead voted as to whether we should approve of the trend toward the socialization of medicine as expressed in the bill. When we first began our discussion—a week before the vote was taken—we were afraid the bill would be completely defeated, but were delighted to find that after a week had passed 40 percent of the class favored the move toward socialization. This is doubly encouraging, since we are embryo members of a conservative profession in a conservative state.

Those who opposed the bill maintained that they as doctors were entitled to make as much profit as possible—and that they could tolerate no restrictions on their right to practise medicine when and where they saw fit. They all feared that too much power was being centered in one man—the Surgeon General.

Those who favored the bill concluded that organized cooperation among doctors toward the aim of a more healthy society was just as admirable an incentive as was unrestricted individual enterprise (Fulton Lewis Jr. to the contrary).

Omaha, Neb. CHARLES YOHE

The Case of Alton Levy

SIR: As the president of a trade union, as a member of the Negro race and, above all, as an American, the Constitution of the United States has always seemed to me to provide a lasting hope for a better world. All of us know how unceasingly we must fight to preserve that constitution with all of its promise. Our men are dying abroad for the spirit of democracy embodied in that constitution; we must, living at home, preserve not only the spirit but the body of democracy so that those who return will find a living, not a moribund being.

It is because of my concern for democracy—a democracy which works for all, regardless of race, color, religion or national origin—that I write now to urge your readers to write the President, requesting him to order a review of the case of Alton Levy, formerly a sergeant in the United States Army stationed at the Lincoln, Nebraska, Air Base. Pvt. Alton Levy, demoted in rank and deprived of $18 a month's pay for four months, is now in the guardhouse at Lincoln serving a sentence of four months at hard labor. Because he exercised, within army discipline, the democratic right to speak frequently and openly at staff meetings against the discriminatory treatment of the Negro troops stationed about a mile and a half from the main army base, Alton Levy was charged with "conduct unbecoming a soldier."

We feel strongly that *any other conduct* but the one employed by Pvt. Levy would have been "conduct unbecoming a soldier."

Private Levy, as I know the details of the case, had at no time employed any unsoldierly methods whatsoever, but openly expressed his opposition to the discrimination against Negro American citizens in the army. Until the hearings of the trial, Alton Levy had a meritorious record of service in the army and had been steadily advanced since his enlistment. A man of his caliber constitutes, in the army and outside of it, the forces we need to fight for and build a better world.

All those who share my concern for democracy should write at once to the President requesting a full and immediate review of the case of Pvt. Alton Levy, citizen and soldier of democracy.

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, International President,
New York City Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

Pantelleria and Propaganda

SIR: Walt Disney is justly famed for his film fantasies. But when we are presented with fantasy, mislabeled "fact," that seems to me fraudulent. It also seems to me part of a vast historical confidence game in which not only the knaves are participating, but also a multitude of fools, quite vociferous ones. Perhaps this is as usual.

Let me explain: the capture of Pantelleria has come to represent one of the great frauds of military history. I should say, "attempted frauds," for we can still prevent its complete success. In this it differs from a famed comparison: the Trojan Horse trick.

I don't mean we shouldn't have taken it—so long as it didn't sidetrack us from more important operations—but the claims made on the basis of its capture were not only fraudulent, they continue to be dangerous. How could such a shell game be worked?

Radio commentators announced, *days before the surrender*: if Pantelleria falls without the need of strong invasion forces, that will prove that air power can win alone; (2) Hitler doesn't like bombing, but he likes the idea of air power *plus* actual invasion much less; so, he might have (3) given orders to surrender the island in spite of the facts that (a) it was strongly fortified years in advance, including actually bombproof shelters; (b) with all the bombing, not a single person was reported killed on the island; (c) supplies had not given out. In fact, the Nazis looted the island and evacuated by plane right up to the "last minute."

We would have captured the island anyway, of course. The excellent air preparation reduced tremendously the natural advantages of the defenders. It would have cost us some casualties—*but any position our enemies want to hold will cost us*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

casualties to take. There is no safe way to fight a war, no way to win without fighting.

And there is as yet no way of winning without gaining domination of the ground. Restricting our attack to the air is, at best, putting off the decision at a moment when time is certainly not our ally. For victory-through-all-out-power in 1943!

Duarte, Calif. BLAINE OWEN

P.S. Pantelleria is, of course, simply a small example of what is happening on further and greater fields. In this connection it is well to remember that our victory in the air there was fought and perhaps won on the Russian front where the Luftwaffe was being ably held and battered. Not that our air force couldn't win victories against an equal Axis force, but up to this writing they haven't had the chance in European skies.

B. O.

"Corn—and Two Kinds of Hog"

SIR: I should like to make some observations concerning your editorial of August 23, "Corn—And Two Kinds of Hog." My object is not to justify "the position of the farm bloc," but to point to two simple mistakes which lead you to the conclusion that corn is not scarce. The idea that farmers are striking because they have no profitable use for the surplus corn depends upon there being no shortage of corn.

You show that there were 53,000,000 bushels more corn on farms July 1, 1943, than a year earlier, but you do not mention that stocks of corn in terminal elevators, or in government ownership, were down 82,000,000 bushels, which makes the total feed supply 30,000,000 bushels less than a year ago. The prospects for the corn crop for this year are considerably below those of last year—a logical reason for farmers to hold grain if they have livestock to which to feed it. Stocks of corn on July 1 were the smallest in five years.

Not only is the total supply of corn down, but livestock numbers are up sharply, thus intensifying the feed shortage. The Feed Situation of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, for July, ably summarizes the feed-livestock balance:

> The supply of feed grains in prospect for 1943-44, based on July 1 crop prospects, is 137,000,000 tons—11 percent smaller than for 1942-43 but 14 percent above the '37-41 average. In relation to expected feed-consuming livestock numbers, the prospective 1943-44 supply is 20 percent smaller than the supply last year and about 14 percent below the 1937-41 average. . . .
>
> Unless the production of feed grains is considerably larger than now in prospect, nearly all of the 1943-44 supply probably will be consumed during the coming marketing year, leaving a small carry-over of feed into 1944-45.
>
> Corn stocks July 1 totaled 827,000,000 bushels, 30,000,000 bushels less than a year earlier. Only 14,000,000 bushels of this corn were in terminal elevators or in government ownership, compared with 96,000,000 bushels July 1, 1942.

Disappearance of corn for the period October-June, 1942-43, was about 15 percent greater than in the same period a year before. Corn supply per hog is the lowest reached since 1921 except for the year following the 1936 drought. Thus, there is a real shortage of corn in relation to livestock numbers. Since a year ago, when feed was cheaper than now relative to hogs, as you point out, farmers have expanded livestock. This is no "phony" shortage due to a strike by farmers, as you allege. I believe that this idea is basic to most of your conclusions.

L. JAY ATKINSON, Agricultural Economist,
Washington, D. C. Division of Farm Management and Costs

[The "phony" shortage of corn existed in commercial markets during June and July, when several corn-processing plants were forced to shut down.

Corn purchases on a "to-arrive" basis at Chicago in June were 153,000 bushels and in July, 550,000 bushels. Then, the government guaranteed farmers that if they marketed their grain prior to August 11 they would share in any increase in ceilings before October 31, if such an increase were announced. In the week ended August 7 purchases totaled 937,000 bushels, and in the week ended August 14 they totaled 7,515,000 bushels.

If farmers were not deliberately withholding surplus corn in June and July, why did such a large amount come to market in the forepart of August? The fact the government took this means of getting surplus corn off farms was of itself an admission that the grain was being withheld—in other words, farmers were striking for higher prices—and the government knew it.

Since August 11 marketings have again slumped, although processors have been able to get along on accumulated stocks, despite an improving crop outlook. The Department of Agriculture forecast a corn crop as of September 1 of 2,985,000,000 bushels, second largest in 23 years, and only 6 percent—not "considerably"—under last year's record crop of 3,175,154,000 bushels. The entire feed situation has likewise improved since the July 1 summary, as subsequent reports reveal.

The point is that the amount of corn needed in commercial markets is very small in relation to total production. When it does not come to market while the farm bloc agitates for higher ceilings, and then flows in rapidly during a period when farmers are promised they will share in any ceiling increase, and then promptly dries up again—when these things happen, the conclusion that farmers are withholding surplus grain for higher prices is inescapable. —THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

"Common Man," an Indian student at Pembroke College, Cambridge, has sent us a long communication on the Indian question in which he deplores the absence in Britain of a leader with "a mind which goes beyond the war, and which is not in alignment with conservatism or out-of-date liberalism. However dynamic the personality of Mr. Churchill may be, he has proved to be lacking in the requirements for a peacetime leadership." . . . Common Man can see no favorable solution to the problems of India while genuine democratic leadership is lacking in Britain. ". . . To an Asiatic," he writes, "it seems that only the 'white' men need salvation from reactionary forces, and that freedom is their own particular prerogative. I do not like the term 'white,' but one is forced to use it for the sake of clarity. We ask the coöperation of the world to help us mold a new country, to help us in the vast task of removing poverty, ignorance and illiteracy. We do not appeal in the name of a nationalism of the past, but in the belief that if we are ever to have peace and security . . . we cannot let this moment pass. . . ."

R. F. Morgan of Sarnia, Ontario, writes to take issue with the statement by Mary B. Scott in the August 23 issue, that Mr. Churchill was "not popular with the rank-and-file Canadian." "This statement," says Mr. Morgan, "is so obviously in error that a rebuttal is necessary. It seems to me that if we endeavor to define the 'rank-and-file' Canadian as 'anti-Churchill,' as the writer would have us do, then the 'rank-and-file' Canadian has become virtually extinct, except of course for the group of ferry-command pilots with whom Mary Scott talked. In reality, it seems to me that seldom has a country had such complete confidence in a leader as Canada has in the leadership of Churchill."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

Little Tom

THIS STRANGE LITERARY EFFORT[1] is not an autobiography; it is Tom ("I was named Tom, not Thomas") Girdler's side of the 1937 "Little Steel" strike. Apparently Tom has been suffering from a yen to print his version of that strike, but his associates frustrated him until he hitched up with Boyden Sparkes, a Satevepost "human interest" writer. "Don't write a book about the strike, Mr. Girdler," Sparkes must have said to him, "people won't read it. Put it into an autobiography. Tell about how you came to be head of Republic Steel and about your great work in aviation since the war. The strike story can be sandwiched in between, and people will surely read it then."

In the first third of the book, the only part that resembles autobiography, Tom reveals himself as a profane, energetic, illogical egotist with a "boss complex" who is a "success." This "boss complex" is the key to Girdler's thinking; it is the central core of his life's work and his "success." In the summer of 1899 while on vacation from Lehigh University, Tom was left in charge of his father's cement plant. "So, I was the boss," Tom writes as a preface to his account of that summer.

Ever since, Tom has been the boss wherever he has gone, except during his first year out of college. He worked in London as a sales engineer for the Buffalo Forge Company, but found the British "oppressive" and returned in 1902 to boss the bolt-and-nut department of the Oliver Iron and Steel Company in Pittsburgh. For the next five years he was a bolt-and-nut boss here and at Colorado Fuel and Iron in Pueblo, Colorado. In Pittsburgh Tom had to assert himself as boss by hammering the head of a worker on a brick floor until "he was out."

From 1907 to 1914 Tom bossed Atlantic Steel at Atlanta, Georgia. Tom reports: "I ran that steel plant; I was its captain. . . . That whole thing was in my charge. . . . Then we had that strike. . . ." He tells how he broke the strike, and adds: "The strike had been called to get more money. They didn't get it."

Tom moved to Aliquippa, Pennsylvania (then Woodlawn), in 1914 to boss a part of the big Jones and Laughlin Steel Works there. He reports: "Within a year or two I was made assistant general superintendent, the highest-ranking official of the company living in Woodlawn. . . . I was a sort of political boss. Certainly I had considerable power in politics without responsibility to 'the people.' . . . There was in Aliquippa, if you please, a benevolent dictatorship." His account of the ten years when he bossed Aliquippa is truly a confession—he admits the accuracy of the charges made about this "Little Siberia" before the CIO came.

Tom wound up as president of Jones and Laughlin, but his story of why he "quit" in 1929 to join Cyrus Eaton in forming Republic Steel differs somewhat from what the J. & L. people report; they say he was run out for double dealing with Eaton. Anyway he quickly dropped Eaton and became the supreme boss of Republic Steel—as supreme a boss as his Uncle Dexter had been of his cement business.

Here enters the CIO, and the limited autobiography exits. The Republic Steel workers challenged the supreme boss of Republic. Tom did not want to submit to the democratizing influences of collective bargaining with a bona-fide labor union; he preferred the "employee-representatives plan" that permitted him to continue as supreme boss. The Republic Steel workers did not think that one man could be able enough or wise enough to be the supreme boss of a large industrial corporation. So came the "Little Steel" strike.

Part two is Tom's version of this strike. As history it is on the unfactual side. Apparently Tom's lawyers wrote a long brief on the strike, which Boyden Sparkes "humanized" and shortened around the central theme that it was a New Deal-Communist plot to destroy a great American institution—the Republic Steel Corporation. The account of the 1937 Memorial Day massacre (ten strikers were killed) in Chicago is really fanciful. Historians should be grateful for the newsreel of this massacre—it differs so much from what "Boot Straps" says took place. Likewise they should be grateful for the records of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee and the National Labor Relations Board.

Tom insists that the strike "had all the aspects of a military invasion . . ." and he says each riot was provoked by the mob that, in each instance, followed "the pattern of revolutionary technique" of the Communists. Yet in the same paragraph Tom says: "However, the first rioting grew out of the problem of feeding our besieged men." This is typical of the many illogical and inconsistent paragraphs in "Boot Straps." The whole 151-page account of the strike is illogical; Tom says the "mob" caused all the rioting, yet all the workers killed in the strike were on the strikers' side.

Tom, actually, is such a supreme boss that he does not think straight. He says: "The La Follette Committee, the National Labor Relations Board and even the National Committee of the Democratic Party . . . joined . . . in the effort to manufacture a legend that Republic Steel Corporation was an exploiter of labor and that I, Tom Girdler, was a fanatical enemy of laboring men." Then Tom writes "Boot Straps" which proves the "legend" a fact. Maybe a man with Tom Girdler's power does not have to be logical.

At any rate Tom lost. Republic Steel is under contract with the United Steelworkers of America. But Tom is hardly a man of his word. He said that he would go back to the farm and raise apples before he'd sign a union contract. In Republic he signed, but did not go back to the farm. Instead he went into aviation, the account of which covers the last third of the book. Tom makes some extravagant claims for "free enterprise" in winning the war and

[1] Boot Straps: The Autobiography of Tom M. Girdler, in Collaboration with Boyden Sparkes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 471 pages. $3.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

egotistically suggests that his contribution to the war may be the difference between victory and defeat for the United Nations. Could be. Anyway I am in no position to judge. I have a feeling, however, that Hitler and Tojo would still be facing ignominious defeat even if Tom had gone back to the farm to stay. "Boot Straps" makes it clear that unless Tom does go back to the farm at the end of the war, there may be a bigger and bloodier "Little Steel" strike in the post-war era.

"Boot Straps" is remarkably revealing, though Tom only tells about his first marriage. The woman who really knew Tom was his Aunt Jenny, who sent him through college. Tom, in telling about a picture album of his early youth, reveals: "My title is established on the first page. On a card ornamented with two white rabbits, sheltered in a snug covert formed of rose bushes, some uncertain hand has written 'Little Tom'." Aunt Jenny's nephew, in the meanwhile, has grown old, rich and powerful; but he has never grown up.

HAROLD J. RUTTENBERG

Poets to the South

An Anthology of Contemporary Latin American Poetry. Edited by Dudley Fitts. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 667 pages. $3.50.

AIDED by an impressive corps of specialists and translators (some, like John Peale Bishop, Langston Hughes and Rolfe Humphries, being themselves poets), Dudley Fitts presents in original text and fairly literal poetic translation an anthology of some two hundred-odd poems by almost a hundred poets from Brazil (Portuguese), Haiti (French) and the eighteen Spanish-speaking lands to the south of us.

The first thing that strikes us is the unity of feeling and poetic tradition. As one reads it is almost impossible to guess the land of birth of most of those poets. They write not for the separate country but for all the lands of related culture and speech. In so far as one can distinguish among them, the groupings are regional rather than national. But the poets transcend the loose regional boundaries and draw sustenance simultaneously from the same masters and address themselves to the continent.

The masters these writers acknowledge are first of all the Spaniards and Latin Americans of the immediately preceding generation and, beyond that, many of the same poets who have been the masters of our own contemporary writers. Among Anglo-Saxon sources are principally Whitman, Sandburg, Poe and T. S. Eliot, and among the French, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Lautréamont, Samain, Apollinaire, Eluard, Breton and Jammes. A few contemporary Spaniards have influenced them, notably García Lorca. Since all the writers of Latin America look so much to Paris, it is instructive to compare the French-speaking Haitian poets included here with the Paris-loving Hispanic American ones. Though the Haitians may choose the selfsame Negroid themes as do the poets of Cuba, yet their work has a rhythm and imagery, a style in short, that is distinctively French, while there is nothing French in the style of the Cubans.

Mr. Fitts opens his anthology with a programmatic sonnet by Enrique González Martínez of the generation immediately preceding the one to which the book is devoted,

WHAT IS LABOR PLANNING?

You Will Want to Read the Fall Issue of

The ANTIOCH REVIEW

Victor Reuther.....Labor in the War —and After

Frank Winn..... Labor Tackles the Race Question

Victor Bernstein.....The Anti-Labor Front

James Carey .....Labor's Interest in the Peace

Will Herberg.....Democracy and Bureaucracy in Unions

Clinton Golden....New Patterns of Democracy

Tom Downs.....The C.I.O. Girds Itself for '44

Monroe Sweetland.....The New Democracy in Social Welfare

And other articles by

Andrew J. Steiger, Lewis Corey, Horace S. Fries

THE ANTIOCH REVIEW
Box 268, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Enter my subscription for ☐ one year at $3.00
☐ two years at $5.00

☐ $3 enclosed.
☐ $5 enclosed.
☐ Bill me with the first issue.
☐ $.75 enclosed for single copy.

NAME .....
STREET .....
CITY AND STATE.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then Twist the Neck of This Delusive Swan." Thereby Mr. Fitts would suggest, and with justice, that the verse of the present generation (as in England and the United States also) is tougher, more intellectualized, more metaphysical, its appropriate symbol being "the sapient owl" rather than the decorative swan of the age of Rubén Darío. Yet as one reads these poems, one feels that our Latin American contemporaries have reacted less sharply against the giant figures that just preceded them than have their English, American and French brothers against their predecessors. The "cerebral" element is less marked; there is less of transcendental shorthand and private cryptogram, less of the freight of deliberate erudition than in the work of our successors to Pound and Eliot. On the other hand, something analogous to our return to Donne and Blake has been part of a more permanent tradition of Spanish conceptualism. In sum, the break of these men with the romantic-symbolist poetry, so congenial to permanent elements in the Latin American temperament, has been far less complete and this poetry doubtless remains far more accessible to older readers brought up on the work of the generation before them.

This is the generation formed and deformed by the troubled period between two wars. All the themes familiar to us from our own land and England and France are here: the disillusionment of the post-war period, the hope for a new world, the presentiment of decay and death, the anguish of the Spanish civil war. But, except for this last, all the themes are muted as if by distance, just as much of our poetry of the same period seems muted alongside that of the generation of Spender and Auden.

The surrealism of Latin America is attenuated and assimilated. Freud is transformed into a passionate Spaniard; the elaborate literature of libido, the boulevard sophistication and enchantment with decadence are missing altogether, while the images made by the shotgun wedding of disparate things, though they seem on the surface to be the same, are yet strung on a visible string of mood and rhythm which holds the separate beads together as in no French surrealist.

Marx and Aquinas, too, are here, but they have also suffered a sea change. As in England, some write simultaneously under the sign of Marx and Freud but they show no identification of the sense of personal guilt with that of social error so common with the English. The "proletarian" poets, if they can be called such, have become aware at last of the unredeemed substratum of the indigenous masses, the peons, the illiterate, the work-broken, but there is no poetry of ideology, no uneasy conformity to the fluctuations of party line and no sign of accepting dictation of content or form.

Perhaps it is wrong to invoke the name of Saint Thomas Aquinas at all, for the "neo-Catholicism" in so far as it is visible here is maternal tenderness and the embracing of suffering in women poets like Gabriela Mistral; ecstasy of sacrifice and martyrdom in Florit's "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian"; liturgical mystery in de Lima's "Paraclete" and in Mendes' praise of God not for His great works and grandeur but "because Thou makest Thyself tiny in the Eucharist, so tiny that I miserable and weak am able to contain Thee." The last two are Brazilian, but even in their liturgical poetry, certainly in the Spanish Americans, there is more of Saint Francis than of Thomas Aquinas. And how different they are from Eliot's denunciatory preaching in "The Choruses from 'The Rock' "! Here too the native spirit is strong enough to assimilate contemporary currents into its own continuous tradition.

A word, finally, as to the quality of the poems included in this anthology. The anthologist has chosen to go in for comprehensiveness rather than quality. If he had omitted a few of the twenty countries and some of the lighter-weight and definitely minor poets altogether, the best of them could have been more adequately represented. Allowing for this, still one gets the feeling that this generation of poets is not quite so big as the one just preceding. But the total volume, the acceptability and pleasant quality of even the least of the poems and the high quality of the best of them, lead one to the conclusion that in these lands verse is not retreating before prose, as one of our most distinguished critics has asserted, and with justice, is the case in our own. There is about this total work a confidence and health which suggest that the poets are not so isolated from society as in our country. Moreover, Dudley Fitts and his colleagues would be the first to admit, assert rather, that the resources they worked were rich enough so that they could easily extract another volume just as big and just as good without repeating a single poem. BERTRAM D. WOLFE

Serbia's Femme Fatale

The Serbs Choose War, by Ruth Mitchell. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 265 pages. $2.75.

TO MISS RUTH MITCHELL Yugoslavia is a Versailles failure, an artificial creation which will not and cannot be rebuilt. She is still under the influence of her initiator into the Chetniks, Kosta Pechanats, who, with the pro-Nazi General Nedich, after the German occupation of Belgrade, went into the service of the German Kommandatur, accepting the Nazi-Fascist purpose to divide the Serbs from the Croats and dismember Yugoslavia.

Miss Mitchell does not explain why the Gestapo allowed her to leave Yugoslavia and return to the United States, where for two years now she has defended Pechanats. She thinks that his going into the Nazi service was for the good of his people. It is interesting to note that the same thing done by a Croat is, for her, unpardonable treachery.

Yugoslavia collapsed militarily not because of the "treachery" of one of her three peoples, as Miss Mitchell says, but because of the complete incapacity of the old Serbian generals, who for 23 years dominated the Yugoslav army. As soon as the country was occupied, the Fascists and Nazis got to work to remove all possibility of a future union between Serbs and Croats. Everywhere they instigated massacres. The quisling militia in Croatia, or Ustachis, killed not only the Serbs and Jews but the Croats too, while at the same time puppet Nedich's soldiers and the Chetniks killed Serbs and Croats. In Ruth Mitchell's book there is no comprehension of these gruesome facts. Her frenzied admiration for the Serbs is at the expense of Yugoslavia. This tricks her into minimizing and misunderstanding the magnificent spirit of resistance of the Serbian people.

Miss Mitchell's book is packed with errors and misstatements. For instance she reduces the Croat population to 3,000,000 from the 4,500,000 given by all official statistics

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Yugoslav government. To accuse Dr. Vlatko Macek, leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, of coöperating with the Axis is ignominious. Macek has refused to accept Nazi offers or to yield to Nazi threats. I cannot understand why for Miss Mitchell, Macek, who is still in a German prison, is a traitor, while Serbia's quisling Nedich, who killed Serbs, is a gentleman defending Serbdom.

The world which Miss Mitchell describes is an old one and a dead one. This "*femme fatâle*," as she calls herself, is one of hundreds of Anglo-Saxon women who visited Yugoslavia and the Balkans in anxious search of personal adventures in a world of tragic suffering and pain. As a native of the Balkans, I feel free to say that Balkanites are sickened by this kind of book exploiting what is dead in our countries and not what is vitally new. Miss Mitchell devotes not one word to the remarkable achievements of the Peoples' Liberation Army, which consists of Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Catholic, Orthodox, Moslems and Jews and constitutes the most vigorous factor in the effort to build a new Yugoslavia in a new, free Balkans.

BOGDAN RADITSA

No Thanks

Tangleweed, by George Willis. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 182 pages. $2.
No Longer Fugitive, by Ann Chidester. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 403 pages. $2.75.
Daylight on Saturday, by J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 280 pages. $2.50.
Survival, by Phyllis Bottome. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 339 pages. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH the field of hot music has proved a fruitful one for some of its historians and critics, the novelists of jazz have generally approached this calling with all the heavy-handedness of the zealot. Qualities of frenzy and belief control them; except for Dorothy Baker's "Young Man with a Horn," which touched off the trend, not one of the novels of jazz musicians' lives has approximated even the satisfactions of a second-rate jam session.

Mr. George Willis' "Tangleweed," the most recent product of this school, is stuck fast in the same groove. His brief and haphazard collection of sketches, fitfully masquerading as a novel, deals with the lives of a drummer, a pianist and a trumpet man who play in a small Kansas City jazz band. Most of Mr. Willis' space is devoted to a love story of the sort the Macfadden publications handle more skillfully, and to lengthy rhapsodic passages dealing with such matters as the exhilaration of musical performance, anxiety, the Earth, America. Mr. Willis describing a cow is something not to miss. "Her massive body," he writes, "was well hung between the wide, solid shoulders, and her large udder was easily available."

The influence of Thomas Wolfe on Mr. Willis has been considerable; his hep-cats can emit tortured goat-cries with the most agonized members of the Gant family. Miss Ann Chidester's submission to the Wolfesque manner is so complete that her writing takes on interest only as an example of imitation. Miss Chidester's Liam Moore, age 20, is a Young Man in Search of Himself. Liam is pretty much of a cynic, given to saying "Bilge!" with

If every life has the making of a novel

C. Kay-Scott

could fill a library of romance, adventure, medicine, business, art, philosophy, science—*just by hitting the high spots of his amazing, unorthodox career!*

EXPLORER, linguist, adventurer, anthropologist, secret agent, rancher, geographer, world authority on tropical diseases, artist, mining engineer, economist—these are only a few of the fields C. Kay-Scott (Dr. Frederick Creighton Wellman) invaded with success and distinction—and always with keen enjoyment.

On four continents he possesses a reputation for a mordant tongue, and his epigrams are celebrated. He has always been able to accomplish practically everything he set out to do. And the tip-off on the man himself is his explanation of why that was possible—*he was never ambitious!*

The legends which have grown up around the careers of C. Kay-Scott have taken on Bunyanesque dimensions . . . the facts themselves are even more fascinating.

$3.50

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Philadelphia • New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some heat to those who disagree with him about the war. Liam appears to be on the edge of declaring himself a conscientious objector. Never will he fight, etc. But by page 286, after much soul-searching in St. Paul, Bismarck and points south, he finds that his whole desire is "to shape with others the golden days of tomorrow." This is Miss Chidester's way of saying that her hero is itching to enlist.

Golden-day-shaping Liam works intermittently as a swing clarinetist, and this gives Miss Chidester a chance to work the magic of her rhetoric on music. The following passage supposedly describes a hot clarinet solo by Pee Wee Russell, one of the musicians mentioned in the book whose name is spelled correctly:

> The music began slow, easy as the rising of a bird over a prairie land with spaces of sky to twirl in and to fall. It began like the timid prayer of a child, sank into fallow fields, drew forth the lovely water-crested sprouts, shot up, fell down, wept and bespoke a heart of darkness. It went on in a torrent like an ageless river, like a woman in red slippers tottering slightly. . . .

Mr. Willis and Miss Chidester are inspired though quite untalented amateurs. Mr. J. B. Priestley and Miss Phyllis Bottome are professionals to the marrow, each with a long-seasoned familiarity with the craft that produces Literary Guild novels and serials in the more forward-looking women's magazines. The embarrassing egomaniacal yearnings of the Wolfe-pack are not for them: their first novels, indeed, had the settled and solid air of the prematurely middle-aged. Surely at no time were they ever Lost at all. Here are objectivity, topicality, the Popular; these writers are centrists in the long rank and file of British hackdom.

"Daylight on Saturday," Mr. Priestley's fortieth book, is an English wartime version of that worrisome and once hotly debated Bolshevist article, the Collective Novel. Mr. Priestley races hurriedly through the main factory of the Elmdown Aircraft Co., Ltd.—it has "beastly machines" that scream "like great wounded animals"—and brings in a number of rather breathless reports on its workers. His findings include many old Dickens-Priestley types, good companions unchanged, most of them, by the war. It is a readable, metallic and rather unreal book.

Miss Phyllis Bottome first published her psychological novel, "Survival," in the pages of The Ladies' Home Journal. "Survival" is a not untypical example of women's-magazine fiction—Mrs. Humphrey Ward might have written thus of psychoanalysis. (" 'And you think *love* is War to the Knife?' he asked me incredulously, his dark thin eyebrows rising, without insolence this time, in a sort of pained wonder.") A Jewish refugee doctor, a disciple of Adler (Miss Bottome is a confirmed Adlerian), escapes from Vienna to England in the spring of 1939. With a backdrop of bombs falling on Plymouth, Dr. von Rittenhaus turns a country estate into a hospital and investigates upper-crust neuroses.

These four novels, brought out by four different publishers in the same month, are fairly typical of the present output. They are serious, but only in their intentions. Not one of them has the entertainment value of the average detective story, nor can they be said to be as well written; their characters are sticks; their authors are, in these books at least, incapable of writing half a page without employing the dreariest clichés. It would seem that the paper shortage we hear so much about is less worrisome than we have been led to believe.

WELDON KEES

PARTISAN REVIEW

In the Current Issue:

W. H. AUDEN: *Alonzo to Ferdinand* *(Section from a new long poem)*

LOUISE BOGAN: *Notes on Popular and Unpopular Art*

BENJAMIN FONDANE: *Baudelaire and the Experience of the Abyss*

MARIO d'ANDREA: *The Fate of Italy*

SAUL BELLOW: *Notes of a Dangling Man* *(A Story)*

JULIAN SYMONS: *English Writers and the War*

VARIETY: A New Department of Comment and Controversy

SIX ISSUES (One Year) For $1.50

PARTISAN REVIEW, 45 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.50. Please send me one year (Six Issues) of Partisan Review. (Single copy: 35¢. Add 15¢ for Canada, 30¢ for other foreign countries.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

A Reader's List

MEDITERRANEAN ASSIGNMENT, by Richard McMillan (Doubleday, Doran, $3). Richard McMillan is a Scot who, as correspondent for the United Press, started off nearly three years ago on a two-day assignment to Gibraltar and did not get home again until he had covered British fortunes in the war from the black days of Greece to the triumph of Tunisia. He is scrupulous about the facts of the war and strangely indifferent to its meaning. The reader cannot help feeling an uneasiness in the face of the undeniable emotional gratification which this man derives from warfare. The uneasiness will increase when he reaches the chapters about General Montgomery. The son of a bishop, narrow, Spartan, devoted, single-track, a man who abhors drinking and will not permit his officers to smoke or even cough in his conferences, a general who loves the camp as fanatically as Frederick of Prussia, who reads the Bible devoutly and writes voluminous letters to his mother, Montgomery is hardly a warm figure. Yet the devotion of his men is incontestable; they almost worship him. Mr. McMillan's portrait of this austere zealot is the most arresting thing in his book, as well as the most disturbing.

STALWART SWEDEN, by Joachim Joesten (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Mr. Joesten has written this book with the announced purpose of exploding the Swedish myth. He thinks the Swedish people are instinctively democratic, but that the powerful king and the industrialists would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

choose a totalitarian system rather than run the risk of any extension of democracy, and that some leading Swedes, like Axel Wenner-Gren, would prefer actual Nazi domination. Mr. Joesten shows by figures that Sweden is feeding the German war machine on a colossal scale and that her "secret" pro-Ally sentiments have not yet led her to one action that could be construed as intentionally favorable to us. (The cancellation of German transit to Norway was self-protective.) Mr. Joesten believes we must challenge Sweden to show her hand and act accordingly if she cannot prove her protestations of friendship.

SKYWAYS TO BERLIN, by Major John M. Redding and Captain Harold I. Leyshon (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75). This is the story of the American Air Force in England, the "First Wing," as the men themselves call it. Written by two of the press-relations officers, it does much to restore the sense of reality that is apt to be dissipated by statistical communiqués and reporting by men who observe rather than participate in day-to-day action. The authors do the right thing in allowing the accounts of the crew-members to stand, since these have the inimitably vivid style of men who at once control and are controlled by rapid, complex and intense events. The background for these epical anecdotes is realistically described, the technical data clearly explained and the case for daylight precision-bombing convincingly presented.

ESCAPE FROM THE BALKANS, by Michael Padev (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75). Padev was a Bulgarian journalist of Anglo-American sympathies and belief in democracy and Balkan unity. The day before his departure from Sofia for America, he was arrested by the Gestapo. In this book the picaresque narrative of escape is joined to an informative account of the Balkan and Bulgarian political picture. The transitions from one to the other are abrupt and the material does not seem completely synthesized. Nevertheless, his account of the diverse and difficult currents of Balkan politics is unusually sensitive, informed and well presented for an audience nurtured in so different a milieu as to make Balkan phenomena incomprehensible without such exposition.

RIO GRANDE TO CAPE HORN, by Carleton Beals (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). A retitled, somewhat revised edition of the author's previous commentaries on Latin America. Much as one might sympathize with his liberal point of view, it would have been desirable for Mr. Beals to bring his work up to date instead of relying on his undoubtedly assiduously assembled store of notes. His story of Mexico abruptly ends with the 1940 election and the reader is left wondering about the subsequent course of the Revolution under Camacho. In spite of his insistence on a truly democratic integration of the Western Hemisphere, in addition to the already achieved governmental solidarity, Mr. Beals completely fails to mention the Confederation of Latin American Workers, which is rapidly becoming a major democratic, intracontinental force. Similar gaps exist throughout the book, which is full of interesting but irrelevant details, known to the specialist but only confusing to the layman in search of a broad and clarified picture of life south of the Rio Grande.

MAN AND RESOURCES IN THE MIDDLE RIO GRANDE VALLEY, by Allan G. Harper, Andrew R. Cordova and Kalervo Oberg (New Mexico, $2.25). The authors have made an intensive study of an area abounding in every variety of economic and social problem. Underlying all the difficulties of this stricken district, the poverty, malnutrition, race prejudice and vocational maladjustment,

"An incomparable baseball story with a powerful attack on Anti-Semitism"
— Union for Democratic Action

KEYSTONE KIDS

by JOHN R. TUNIS

"Anti-Semitism and its solution is a knotty, uncomfortable problem. But if it can be presented in terms of team-work, the young mind can see how patently unjust discrimination is . . . The growing generation needs more books of this kind."

—ARTHUR HEPNER,
The New Republic

$2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

"ECONOMICS IS AN EXACT SCIENCE"

by Jerome Levy

offers a detailed plan to assure

FULL EMPLOYMENT Under Capitalism

and
demonstrates mathematically
that it is

THE ONLY PLAN

that can achieve this result

Over 500 pages **Price $3.50**

Use coupon below

NEW ECONOMIC LIBRARY
1270 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

For the enclosed $3.50 please send me a copy of ECONOMICS IS AN EXACT SCIENCE. I may return the book for full refund within 14 days.

Name.....

Address.....

.....B

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the deterioration of its physical resources. However, an elimination of the basic cause would no longer result in a complete remedy of the ailments. They must be treated in their own terms. Although the authors have much praise for the work of various federal agencies now defunct, they stress the need for the creation of an organization which will be free from defects of departmentalization and able to coördinate state, federal and private efforts.

SWORD OF BONE, by Anthony Rhodes (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). This account of the experiences of a British Engineer Stores Officer from the outbreak of the war through Dunkirk reveals a remarkable gift for straightforward narrative and sharp selection of relevant detail. It is one of the best accounts yet written of the phony war in France by a "participant." A clue to the author's mentality is in the book's only philosophical aside, a defense of Chamberlain and the Maginot Line philosophy. Fortunately Captain Rhodes's blindness in this respect has not impaired his powers of observation or his prose.

THE BOOK OF CANADIAN POETRY, edited by A. J. M. Smith (Chicago, $3.50). Mr. Smith, who knows Canadian poetry both as a scholar and as a leader of the recent Toronto-Montreal poetic revival, has edited what appears to be the most intelligent and representative collection of poetry by Canadians. Beginning with eighteenth-century Indian verse and French-Canadian folk songs, Mr. Smith finds room for generous selections from all poets of the slightest importance (Canada claims Bliss Carman and Robert W. Service), including such promising newcomers as Patrick Anderson and Ronald Hambleton. The editor has prefaced each poet's work with a critical and biographical sketch, and contributes a long introduction. The anthology contains a good bibliography and index.

Contributors

ROBERT REUBEN is a Reuters correspondent in Washington.

FEIKE FEIKEMA is a free-lance journalist now living in Minneapolis.

CPL. J. ANTHONY LAGONA is a "native New Yorker, age 25, building-supply salesman before the army—some two years ago—have been studying story writing for past two months in off-duty class here at camp [Fort Monmouth], taught by soldiers, like to drink beer and see good stage shows."

HAROLD J. RUTTENBERG, Assistant Director for Manpower, Steel Division, War Production Board, is on leave as Research Director of the United Steelworkers of America. He is co-author, with Clinton S. Golden, of "The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy."

BERTRAM D. WOLFE is the author of "Portrait of America," "Portrait of Mexico," in collaboration with Diego Rivera, and "Diego Rivera: His Life and Times."

BOGDAN RADITSA, a native Yugoslavian, is the author of "Conversations with Guglielmo Ferrero" and "The Agony of Europe."

WELDON KEES is the author of a book of verse, "The Last Man," just published by the Colt Press. He has contributed to The Kenyon Review, Poetry, Partisan Review and other publications.

HILLTOP LODGE
ON BEAUTIFUL SYLVAN LAKE
R. R. Sta., Pawling, N. Y.
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.
Only 65 Miles from New York City
Every Sport & Recreation • Golf Free
P. Wolfson & S. Rothauser, Directors
N. Y. Office: 277 Broadway • CO 7-3958

EVERY MINUTE... A JOYFUL MEMORY
On shore of sand lake. Modern. Steam heat. Boating, bathing, tennis, handball, softball. Splendid food. Open all year. Reasonable rates. Write to Thom. R. Smith or N.Y. Offi. LO. 5-3716.
LAKE REST HOTEL
SHANDELEE, LIVINGSTON MANOR, N.Y. Rates upon Request

PLAYWRITING
Lajos Egri author of the Simon & Schuster best seller HOW TO WRITE A PLAY will accept students for semesters in writing of plays, novels and stories. Classes for PROFESSIONALS and BEGINNERS.
Contact EVELYN CORNELL
21 East 21st Street, Brooklyn, BU 4-5329

The special classified rate of THE NEW REPUBLIC is 50c a type line for 6 point type (6 words to the line), and 45c a type line for 5 point type (7 words to the line). Minimum ad is three lines. Advertising Department.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Add a Language To Your Assets by LINGUAPHONE

In War, In Peace, ability to speak another language is an asset which will tip the scales in your favor ..... open new opportunities, earn promotion.

Speak ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, RUSSIAN, POLISH, NORWEGIAN, FRENCH, GERMAN, JAPANESE or any of 20 other languages

Quickly, easily, correctly by LINGUAPHONE Ear-Eye METHOD

This amazingly simple and delightful way to learn to speak any of 29 languages in your own home is the work of 150 of the foremost language teachers of famous universities.

Endorsed by educational authorities, Linguaphone is used by Army, Navy, Flying, Signal, Medical Corps and other services; by 14,000 schools, colleges and by more than one million home-study students. Do not confuse Linguaphone Ear-Eye Method with any other.

Send for FREE book.
Call for FREE Demonstration.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
86 R.C.A. Building, New York (20), N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICE

TREATISES, RESEARCH PAPERS, SPEECHES. Special Articles, reviews, promptly prepared to requirements of busy professionals. Our extensive experience available at moderate rates, with assurance of scholarly serviceable result. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WEARING APPAREL

SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES (Dresses, Coats, Suits) at Miss Goodman's is almost a pleasure, even in these hectic days. Her clothes are restrained in style and of beautiful quality. 362 Lexington Ave., near 41st St. MU 5-0670.

WANTED TO BUY

LINGUAPHONE. Any language, any make. Indicate condition, language, number of records and books. LANGUAGE, Room 1203, 18 East 41st St., N. Y. C.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of The New Republic, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1943.

STATE OF NEW YORK } SS.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, Editorial Publications, Inc., 40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
Editor, Bruce Bliven, 40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Thomas Sancton, 40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Daniel Mebane, 40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:
Editorial Publications, Inc., 40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
Stockholders owning 1 percent or more of total amount of stock:
Westrim, Ltd., P. O. Box 2580, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.
Straight Holding Co., Ltd., c/o The Royal Trust Co., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada.
All outstanding shares of Straight Holding Co., Ltd., are divided between two trusts, created by Dorothy Whitney Elmhirst, of which the Royal Trust Company, Montreal, Canada, is Trustee.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person/or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

DANIEL MEBANE,
Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23 day of September, 1943.

MARIAN T. KEENAN, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1945.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED